The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914.

Summary of the News

A crisis of extreme gravity has developed in the European situation. On July 23 Austria sent a peremptory ultimatum to Servia in regard to the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the general question of the anti-Austrian movement in Servia. That movement, Austria contends, has received semi-official support, the assassination of the Archduke was planned at Belgrade, and the perpetrators were supplied with explosives and their passage into Bosnia was facilitated by Servian officials. Austria, therefore, demanded from the Servian Government "a formal assurance that it condemns this dangerous propaganda," and also an inquiry into all the circumstances at which Austria should be officially represented. A time limit up to 6 P. M. on Saturday was set for the receipt of the Servian reply.

Servia's note in reply to the demand was received by the Austrian legation at Belgrade within ten minutes of the expiration of the time limit, and as it was considered unsatisfactory, the Austro-Hungarian Minister immediately left Belgrade. Servia expressed willingness to comply with all of the conditions demanded by Austria except that relating to the participation of Austrian officials in the inquiry, on which point explanations were desired. The note concluded with an offer, if the reply were found inadequate, to submit the questions at issue to the Hague Tribunal and to the Powers which signed the declaration of 1909 relative to Bosnia and Herzegovina.

It has been apparent from the first that Austria is determined to accept nothing less than a complete and humiliating submission on the part of Servia, and that in this policy she has the support of Germany. Indeed, on Tuesday, together with the news that war had been declared and active hostilities commenced, came the statement from Vienna that even full acceptance by Servia of the terms imposed would not now satisfy Austria. The danger, then, is that Russia, as the protector of the Slav states, may become involved, and if Russia, then the other Powers of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. As we write, hopes for the localization of the war are entertained, but the situation is extremely serious.

In the House of Commons on Monday, Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, announced that he had invited Germany, France, and Italy to confer with Great Britain through their Ambassadors in London with a view to arranging the difficulties between Austria and Russia. While the other Powers accepted the proposal unconditionally, Germany accepted in principle only, and on Tuesday the news came that, although sympathetic to the principle of mediation, in view of her alliance with Austria, she must decline to take part in the conference, but suggested that the various Cabinets work together to localize the conflict. Mobilization of troops is proceeding in almost every country of Europe, and the British and German fleets are in readiness for service.

The Government suit to dissolve the New Haven Railroad as a combination in restraint of trade was filed on July 23 in the United States District Court for Southern New York.

Secretary Garrison announced last week that the Panama Canal will be opened to commerce for all ships needing not more than thirty feet of water on and after August 15.

It was announced on July 23 that the nomination of Thomas D. Jones, of Chicago, for a place on the Federal Reserve Board would be withdrawn at his own request. We discuss editorially the circumstances which led up to Mr. Jones's withdrawal.

As a result of the Congressional investigation of the case of Capt. John Henry Gibbons, who was compulsorily retired from the navy by the "plucking board," it appears that his record during his service has been practically unimpeachable, and that other officers have been retained in the service whose records are not as clear as that of Capt. Gibbons. Secretary Daniels has appointed a commission to investigate and recommend a new plan to Congress as a substitute for the "plucking board."

The fight for the Governorship of New York State and Col. Roosevelt's intervention therein are calculated to add to the gayety of nations and to alleviate something of the general gloom produced by the international situation. On Wednesday of last week the Colonel finally decided that Mr. Hinman, a Republican, was deserving of Progressive support. On the following day William Barnes, the Republican boss, started a libel action for $50,000 against the Colonel, and on Sunday ex-Gov. Sulzer informed a newspaper reporter that he expected to be called as "an expert witness" in the suit and also to be elected the next Governor of New York.

There has been but little change in the situation in Mexico since we wrote last week, despite various alarmist rumors of counter-revolutions by Orozco and of Zapatistas menacing Mexico City. Negotiations for transferring the Government to the Constitutionalists have gone forward, and on Monday the delegates appointed by Provisional President Carbajal to confer with the Constitutionalists left Mexico City on their way to Saltillo, where the conference is to be held. It is stated that Gen. Carranza is disposed to be lenient in the conditions of surrender that he will demand, except that he will insist upon the trial of all who may have been concerned in the murder of Madero. The attitude of Villa, who is said to have been commandeering horses and smuggling arms across the border, has occasioned some anxiety in Washington.

It was decided on Saturday of last week to postpone the transatlantic flight of the America until October. Many changes have already been made in the machine, and Mr. Curtiss is understood to be not yet entirely satisfied with it. The Weather Bureau has given warning that it would be unsafe to undertake the flight between August 15 and the middle of September.

After a trial, hardly second in sensational episodes to that of Captain Dreyfus, Madame Caillaux was on Tuesday acquitted of the murder of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, whom she shot in his office on March 16.

The trouble in Hayti and in Santo Domingo has continued and there has been fighting between the rebels and the Government troops. Precautions are being taken at the Navy and State Departments in view of the possibility that intervention may become necessary.

On July 23 a note was handed to the representatives of the Powers in Albania by the Mussulman insurgents demanding the abdication of the present Mpret, Prince William of Wied, and threatening, unless their demand should be complied with, to destroy the capital. The threat has not, up to the time of writing, been carried out.

A deplorable incident in connection with the Home Rule controversy occurred in Dublin on Sunday as a sequel to some gun-running by the Nationalist Volunteers. A force of police and soldiery attempted to disarm a body of Volunteers as they were returning to Dublin with a cargo of rifles that had been landed at Howth, some ten miles distant. In the first skirmish apparently the Volunteers had the worst of it, for they fled and reached the city in advance of the troops. When the latter arrived, they were met by a large mob and were attacked. The troops finally retaliated by firing into the mob, with the result that four persons were killed and some thirty wounded. The incident has occasioned the greatest excitement in Dublin and throughout the country, and in the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Asquith promised that the fullest inquiry should be made into all the circumstances attending the shooting.

Earlier in the week, on July 24, came the news, not unexpected, that the conference summoned by King George to discuss the Irish question had ended in a failure to reach an agreement on the area of Ulster which should be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule bill. It is understood that some concessions were offered on both sides, but not sufficient to enable the two parties to agree. The impression nevertheless prevails that some good has resulted from the conference, since the Government is now informed of exactly how far each side is prepared to go in the way of concession and may be assisted by this knowledge in reshaping its amending bill. The question of the constitutionality of the King's action in summoning the conference and of the terms of his speech was effectually disposed of when Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons on July 23 that he accepted full responsibility for both.

The deaths of the week include: Samuel Swift, July 21; Prince Vladimir Mestchersky, July 23; ex-Congressman James D. Richardson, Count Alexander Roma, July 24; Major Eustace Loder, Rev. Horace C. Hovey, July 27.

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The Week

The postponement of all the treaties now before the Senate until the regular session of Congress is by no means an unmixed evil. It was practically certain that the Colombia treaty could not now have been ratified, in view of the opposition aroused. As to the Nicaragua treaty, the postponement of its consideration will help not a little towards its final burial. It is different with the twenty-three peace treaties, for their purpose is so plain and straightforward, and their aim so humanitarian, that they should be ratified without loss of time. They constitute the great constructive achievement of Mr. Bryan's administration. However the charge of inconsistency may lie against him and Mr. Wilson in their handling of the Mexican situation, as contrasted with the international procedure outlined in these agreements, the fact remains that the cause of peace will be tremendously advanced the minute these treaties become the supreme law of the countries involved. Can any one doubt that if there were similar treaties among the European nations now on the verge of war, the danger of hostilities would be less? The chief pretext for war is Austria's hot indignation over an assassin's crime. A year hence, with passions cooled, the question whether it would be wise and worth while to go to war because of a murderer's shot, would be regarded and probably decided in a totally different spirit.

Newspaper readers must have rubbed their eyes last week as they read the announcement that a party caucus had voted to lay aside a Rivers and Harbors bill in order to expedite the passage of more important legislation. One might be excused for supposing that the head-line writer had reversed the facts. But the Democratic Senators are actually going to proceed with the consideration of the Trust bills at the expense of the "pork-barrel" measure. Of course, for so unprecedented a course there must be a special reason, and there is. Not a sudden and huge accession of political virtue, but the determined figure of Senator Burton, firmly planted upon the Senate rules, is the impelling cause. Senator Burton has taken the trouble to familiarize himself with the details of the bill, and has damaged its reputation considerably by showing it up as one of the most vicious examples of its kind in recent years. Its viciousness, however, is its great charm for both Democrats and Republicans, who have had a loving eye upon its mass of local appropriations. But Senator Burton is evidently in earnest, and his fellow-Senators, remembering that one such bill was talked to death by Senator Carter a few years ago, have yielded before the prospect of a filibuster.

The Agricultural Department's Commission investigating the high price of beef has a rare chance to make a ten-strike in the way of a "best seller." If, in addition to the scientific marshalling of all the facts attainable, it should succeed in giving an intelligible and trustworthy analysis of the cardinal factors in the situation, its report would have a greater number of readers than any public document since the Government was founded. Nobody knows what to believe, and nobody knows what to think of the things he does believe. Here is Joseph M. Cudahy, vice-president of the Cudahy Packing Company, telling of the futile efforts that his company has made to sell frozen beef and mutton from Argentina in the general American market—the well-to-do American will have none of it; and the meats, says Mr. Cudahy, have had to be sold at a sacrifice. Chilled beef did better; but that, too, he says, was far from a brilliant success. But the most interesting statement made by Mr. Cudahy is this:

> As a matter of fact, packers are now losing money on beef, and this in spite of the fact that they are getting record prices for hides and all other by-products. It is when meat products are low that packers can make the most money.
>
> The average cost of beef on the hoof is higher now than ever before at this time of the year, and I do not look for any cheap meats until the production of meat animals has caught up with the increase in population. This, I believe, will not be for many years.

A fair discussion of the situation depicted by these broad assertions is what the people really need, both for the purpose of forming a just judgment and for the purpose of applying such remedies as may be possible.

We cannot but feel that any explanation of Secretary McAdoo's use of the revenue cutters would be unsatisfactory, save one. It does not matter to us that the Secretary paid his way, and that he learned something about life-saving, when going out on these boats. The only possible defence for it is that it has been the custom of previous Administrations, including Mr. Cleveland's, for decades past thus to use Government boats, the abuse reaching its greatest height under Mr. Roosevelt, when as many as three naval vessels were kept going for the use of the President and his family. As we pointed out then, so must we now, that this custom is without warrant in law, and invariably leads to abuses. If it is true that the Apache has been making week-end cruises with Congressmen and others, this is one of the worst cases on record. What Congress should do is to set aside a boat for the President if it thinks that the President should have a yacht, and it should be known as such, and not be masked as a dispatch boat or gunboat. Congress should then as clearly specify the privileges it wishes the Cabinet officers to have. Mr. Daniels is said to have misused ships of the navy in this way more than any other Secretary of late years, yet he, too, is but following precedent. To our minds a Secretary ought never to be allowed to take his family on a Government ship, and his own presence should be absolutely in the line of duty. It is, incidentally, not our idea of the duty of a Secretary of the Treasury for him to take part in rescues at sea.

It is a wicked thing for Boss Barnes to imitate Col. Roosevelt and to incur notoriety by bringing a suit for libel. Such imitation is the very reverse of flattery. It is, moreover, "peculiarly despicable" in any one to fail to take Col. Roosevelt's assaults with meek resignation. Here is Barnes, too, in so mean a spirit as to recall that he was a Federal officeholder under the mighty T. R. himself during all the time the Colonel was President and Barnes was getting control of the New York State machine. But the Colonel will easily brush that aside. It is part of his happiness in life to have some one to pound; if it cannot be a boss when his votes are no longer needed, why, it is the nameless craven and the base mollycoddle. Any one who interferes with this pastime is bound to incur the awful wrath of Oyster Bay. But the sporting public, if this suit ever comes to trial, is going to be mightily entertained. The Caillaux trial can furnish no more sensations. Shall we not have cries of treason to the Fatherland? Will there not be rumors of hidden documents and of public secrets to be preserved? Offended honor, too, will stalk about the courtroom throughout the trial, and the auditors will surely cry, "Louder, louder!" if one of the principals but drops his voice a second. The trial in Michigan will be as nothing; with the Dreyfus case alone shall we be able to compare it. We are not sure, however, that both time and money could not be saved by letting Theodore and William fight it out in mortal combat, say, in Bowling Green, to settle whether they are

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bosses or not, and if so, which is the greater.

The resignation of Representative McDermott, of Illinois, is the final episode in a story which contained much that was sordid, and far more that was at once ludicrous and contemptible, but little that was of serious import to the nation. Mulhall's endless "revelations" showed the National Association of Manufacturers to have been engaged in an attempt to influence political events, of which the imbecility was so much more striking than the immorality that it was impossible to get up any really serious indignation over it. So far as individual members of Congress were concerned, his statements, except in the case of McDermott, were, so far as we can remember, too flimsy to be of any effect whatever. In McDermott's case, even, what did the damage was chiefly, or entirely, the exposure of relations of the Congressman with pawnbrokers and brewers, and not with the tariff or other schemes of the National Association of Manufacturers. He cuts a sorry figure, and is well out of the House; and we can but hope that he may prove to be mistaken in his expectation of a "vindication" at the hands of his constituents.

Although the result of the Democratic primary in Texas is hailed in some quarters as a slap at the Administration, it seems to have been fought out upon local issues. Chief of these was prohibition, the Constitutional amendment being rejected. The defeated candidate for Governor was on the losing side of this question, but the majority against him was twice that against prohibition, which would argue his rejection upon other grounds than his position upon this one issue. His opponent was introduced during the campaign as "the eliminator of the eliminators," and this euphonious title, coupled with the fact that the professional politicians of his party were nearly all against him, suggests that he managed to impress himself upon the voters as in some sort an anti-machine candidate. He is a vigorous speaker, and evidently skilled in turning dissatisfaction to his advantage, as is shown by the applause that greeted this period in one of his last campaign speeches:

> The time used to be when one schoolbook was enough for six or seven boys; now it takes six or seven books to do for one boy. I want the time to come when the people of the State will be removed from the necessity of buying new schoolbooks every time the moon changes.

On the same day his opponent was explaining that an amendment of the election law for which he was sponsor would not restore the vote to negroes.

It is hard to believe that an opera impresario would voluntarily do anything to add to the natural difficulties of his profession, but if the report is correct that Manager Aborn is going to insert a "weight for voice" clause in his contracts for the Century Opera House, the troubles of a Hammerstein will seem as the small dust of the balance. The fact that there is much reason in the idea will not make any easier the task of getting it accepted by all corpulent singers. Yet who has not had his pre-curtain picture of a Juliet or a Madame Butterfly dashed to pieces by the sight of the too, too solid flesh? When a heroine almost visibly pants for breath as she slowly mounts an incline up which she is supposed to glide like a sylph, somehow the music does not destroy the ludicrous incongruity. We should like to hope for success for Manager Aborn in his bold undertaking, but we fear that it is one of those alluring visions which in this finite sphere are too good to be true.

The withdrawal last week of Defiance from the remaining trials for the honor of defending the America's Cup was unexpected. It was, however, unavoidable, since the boat, which has been under repair constantly, was in need of more extensive alteration if she was to compete further. It is regrettable that the yacht could not be tuned up in time, for her designer, Mr. Owen, is indubitably a young man of much ability, despite the mistakes made in rig and construction of Defiance. Fortunately for the owners, the day of the racing-machine in these contests is over, and something of the great investment of the tri-city syndicate may be saved by turning this boat into a schooner or yawl. When Thomas Lawson's Independence failed so lamentably, there was nothing to do but to break her up. Since Colonia had a long and useful career as a cruising schooner after her ill-luck as a would-be cup defender, Defiance may yet do honor to her designer for years to come. For the America's Cup the choice is now narrowed down to two boats that are very evenly matched. Resolute has been wonderfully handled, sailed for everything that is in her, and at the same time studied in her every performance with scientific care. On board Vanitie things have not gone so well, but she has steadily improved, and, if there should be good, steady winds in the final trials, it will not be safe to assume that Resolute will be chosen to represent us against what is without doubt the most dangerous craft yet sent after the America's Cup.

Gov. Tener's classification of baseball players as neither miners, hod-carriers, nor ditch-diggers, but professional men, is flattering to lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, but will hardly be accepted by the players themselves as giving them a sufficiently high rating. Professional men include politicians, editors, and college professors. A Chautauqua lecturer is a professional man; so, we suppose, is an inventor or a consulting engineer. A mere Shakespearean actor would rank himself in the same large class. So would a novelist, an advertising agent, or a violin-player. To put along with these miscellaneous specimens of humanity a man who can pitch a ball in such a way that nobody can hit it, or who can catch a ball no matter what its speed or direction, and get paid handsomely for doing it, is to ignore fundamental differences. Probably all that the Governor of Pennsylvania meant was to differentiate ball players from devotees of tennis, golf, or bridge, but he should have come out with the whole truth, regardless of whom it hurt. Baseball playing is neither an occupation nor a profession; it is a career.

The enterprising American who has pleaded guilty to the theft of a brass handle from an antique bureau in the Robert Burns cottage at Ayr had the less excuse for his indiscretion, in that by merely waiting a few years he could probably have seen handle, bureau, and all as often as he liked by visiting some museum in his own country. When in a single day an American captures Master Humphrey's clock, a lock of Wolfe's hair, a first edition of "Endymion," a first edition of the "Faerie Queene," and autograph letters and original manuscripts of Stevenson, Browning, Andrew Lang, and others, is it any wonder that a fellow-countryman who has been entertaining guests at the Tam o' Shanter Inn should yield to the delusion that any object of historic or artistic interest in the Old World was his for the taking? As the Judge noted, in mild reproof, "apparently Americans have different ideas of such matters than prevail in this country." We would not criticise his decision, but still, there are certain forms that should be observed in all our acquisition of relics. To violate them

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needlessly is to offend the very persons to whom we should be exceedingly grateful for caring for these things until the time comes when we desire them.

The collision in Dublin on Sunday between the troops and the Nationalist Volunteers—and, afterwards, with a mob, of which several were killed—is doubly unfortunate. It will inflame feeling on the spot, and it will also, most unhappily, give point to the bitter charge that the army is ready enough to fire upon men in the South of Ireland, though it will not move, and its officers refuse to obey orders, against armed men in the North openly boasting of treasonable plots. Whole companies of Ulster Volunteers can parade the streets of Belfast with rifles in their hands, and the garrison lifts never a finger; but in Dublin the Nationalist Volunteers are halted with the demand that they surrender their arms. This contrast cannot have been in the intention of the Government. Some one must have blundered. Yet the deplorable affair will need to be handled with great tact and fairness by the English authorities. They cannot be all caution and conciliation in Ulster, and at the same time all rashness and severity in Dublin.

The definition of a gentleman is once more a source of trouble. It was supposed to be settled with legal exactness by the British Workingmen's Insurance act, which provided that any one who earned more than £160 a year and did no manual labor was entitled to the distinction. But the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association does not find this classification altogether satisfactory. Technically, the captain, the mate, the second officer, and so on down to and including the sixth assistant in the engine-room, are gentlemen. The seventh assistant engineer, however, has to do some oiling or wiping, or at all events some kind of manual work. He is, accordingly, outside of the charmed circle. At the same time he is continually thrown into the society of gentlemen. Will not this mathematical drawing of the line create an undesirable class consciousness, which will affect the social status in the mess-room and otherwise disturb etiquette on the high seas? This is the question that is vexing the souls of the Liverpool shipowners. Lloyd George has been appealed to for an official ruling on the point. He may hark back to Carlyle's pet definition of the gentleman as one who owns a gig. There is still a good deal of "Gigmanity" in the world.

The South African Government is still suffering from the effects of its high-handed expatriation of the labor leaders who were resorting to violence in their endeavor to win their strike. Subsequently thereto, the Botha Government introduced a bill so far-reaching as, among other things, to make it a cause for expatriation for any strike picket to use violence. For this bill was soon after substituted a much milder "Riotous Assembly" bill, which has also called forth vigorous popular manifestations, a copy of it being publicly burned in Capetown as a protest against "Russianizing a British colony." The proposed liability of all foreign-born citizens to expatriation, originally contained in this bill, aroused fears among the British residents that this clause, while ostensibly aimed at foreign-born agitators of the type sent back to England, might some time or other be used in favor of the Boers as against the British. Hence this part of the measure has been abandoned. Botha's Administration has not only antagonized the British elements, but the extreme wing of the Boers as well.

The revelation in the Caillaux trial that the *Figaro* was in the pay of the Hungarian Government will hardly surprise any one familiar with Parisian journalistic conditions. The venality of the French press has long been beyond dispute, though it is rarely brought out so clearly as in this case. The difficulty is partly in the fact that, in France, newspapers are without the volume of advertising patronage which supports the press of Germany, England, and the United States, and must, therefore, seek to live chiefly on income from circulation, too often inadequate; and hence that journals readily fall into the hands of unscrupulous men who seek a short cut to riches or to power. Then, the long-standing tradition of venality must in itself have its effect. No country in the world is wholly free from some sort of blackmailing, "revolver" journalism; but there is probably far less cash purchasing of newspapers in England and in the United States than anywhere else.

Reports of renewed friction between the German military authorities and the inhabitants of Alsace seem credible in view of the severe sentence recently pronounced by the Supreme Court of the Empire, at Leipzig, upon an Alsatian caricaturist. This clever satirist, Jakob Waltz, who signs "Hansi" and is known to the public by that name, has long been a contributor to the comic paper, *Durchs Elsass*, and has written and illustrated children's books. His favorite amusement has been to make fun of German policemen, soldiers, schoolmasters, travellers, etc. His worst offence, however, appears to have been the dedication of a Christmas book "to those who never forget." This, of course, referred to the annexation of the provinces and the hope that they may yet be restored to France; and it was probably the main ground of the original charge against "Hansi" that he was "preparing an act of high treason." As it was found impossible to maintain this charge, it was dropped, and the caricaturist was tried and convicted and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for the crime of "inciting to violence" and "insulting German policemen and teachers." News of this was said to have been received in Paris artistic circles with absolute "stupefaction." One would think, unless the Germans have lost their sense of humor, that it would have been received with stupefaction in the artistic circles of Berlin and Munich. Their caricaturists, too, are all the while ridiculing the police and the military and other authorties. Is it a crime to do in Alsace what is merely laughed at in Prussia and Bavaria? *Fliegende Blätter* and *Ulk* will have to mend their ways.

The chief interest of the sessions of the Duma, recently adjourned, was in the relations between that body and the Cabinet. One of the first acts of the new Premier, M. Goremykin, was to declare that, being a Minister without a portfolio, he was not obliged to answer interpellations. Something like a struggle was reached when the Government ordered the criminal prosecution of a Deputy for a speech delivered in the Duma in which official susceptibilities were wounded by references to the advantages of a republican régime. This denial of free speech in the Duma was based technically on an alleged ambiguity in the statutes, and was met promptly by the passage of a measure affirming the complete legal immunity of Deputies for their speeches. Certain grants of money demanded by the Government were either refused or reduced, and the Finance bill was amended by the insertion of a proviso abolishing the Ministerial practice of applying to the Treasury from time to time for small grants unauthorized by the Duma. These successes were made possible by the coöperation of parties, but the encouragement they afford to the carrying out of a determined policy of opposition to the Government is slight.

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WAR MADNESS.

Bishop Butler once speculated on the possibility of a whole nation going suddenly insane. If he were alive to-day, he could extend his query and ask if a half-dozen nations at once might not become crazy. In Vienna, in Paris, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg, he would see signs of acute mania afflicting large bodies of people. Mob psychology often shows itself in discouraging and alarming forms, but is never so repulsive and appalling as when it is seen in great crowds shouting for war. Lest we forget, indeed! About nothing does the mob forget so quickly as about war. The Parisian crowd is crying out to-day "à Berlin!" just as if the same madness had not filled the streets of Paris in 1870, with what ravage and humiliation to follow, others have not forgotten even if the French mob has. And the way in which the war-fever has seized upon Berlin seems equally to call for the services not of a physician, but of an alienist. If one looked only at these surface manifestations, one would be tempted to conclude that Europe was about to become a gigantic madhouse.

Indications have long been that the militarist party, which has the upper hand in Austria, intended to have a war with Servia, no matter what that country did. The original demands made by Austria upon the Servian Government were imperious in the extreme. That they were intended to provoke a refusal and to bring on hostilities is now clear. For the Servian reply, which was an almost complete submission, was promptly declared by the Vienna Government to be, not merely unsatisfactory, but "dishonest"! It would be hard to find rougher language in a diplomatic note. Moreover, we next had the cool announcement that, even if Servia were to comply literally with every detail of the Austrian ultimatum, it would be too late. The Austrian troops must have their long-awaited war. If a decent pretext could not be found, the Austrian forwards would proceed without one.

All this has come as a great surprise to Americans. The shock caused by the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand was fully realized in this country, but the later news dispatches gave us in this country very few premonitions of the sequel. Yet the foreign newspapers, covering the period from the first to the middle of July, have now come to hand, and they make the state of affairs much plainer. From them it is evident that a press and militarist campaign against Servia was at once set on foot in Vienna. This did not confine itself to the natural outbursts of grief and anger at the murder of the heir to the throne, but went violently into the whole matter of the Serb movement and the threat to Austria which it was alleged to mean. There were signs in plenty that the old Emperor, Francis Joseph, was pushed aside, more or less, by the aggressive party. He once went so far as to send a statement to the press denying some of the assertions which the army men had fathered; but his aged hand was too feeble to withstand the onrush. Those who had so confidently counted upon the Archduke Ferdinand, as one who would take a high tone in foreign relations, were determined not to be balked by his death. So manifest was their purpose that the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt*, so early as July 4, spoke of an attack by Austria upon Servia as a settled thing. The only question was whether Russia would be drawn into the struggle: in that case, asserted the *Fremdenblatt*, "there can be not a particle of doubt that the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg would notify the Czar that Germany would consider it a *Bündnisfall*"—that is, that Germany, under her treaty with Austria, would be compelled to go to war with Russia.

Quotations could be multiplied from the Vienna papers of the first and second week of July, going to show the zeal displayed in manufacturing, not alone an anti-Servian spirit, but a demand for war. Thus the official *Deutsches Volksblatt* published the decision of the Council of Ministers to apply the severest measures to the Serbs in Bosnia. These were to include even a rigorous control of their schools, into which military discipline would be introduced. It also asserted that Austrian officials must be admitted to the inquiry which the Servian Government was to make into the assassination at Sarajevo. The *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* spoke of the satisfaction caused by the belief that Austria would soon, if necessary, "intervene with energy" in Servia. A stronger tone was held by the *Reichspost*, which declared that diplomatic methods would be of no avail with Servia, which ought to be dealt with by Austria summarily. The *Neue Freie Presse* looked ahead to actual intervention, or to war, and argued that Russia ought to give Austria a free hand at Belgrade, since it was clear that the ambitions and the plottings of the Serbs constituted a danger to all Europe, as well as to Austria, and must be sternly repressed. The general attitude of the Vienna press was not badly represented by the *Reichspost* when it asserted that Austria was not threatening Servia, but that Servia was menacing the Dual Monarchy.

To all this, the official declaration of war by Austria was the inevitable sequel. It is a step which was taken without a decent regard for the opinion of mankind, and is fraught with consequences which may easily amount to that terrible "catastrophe" of which Sir Edward Grey solemnly warned Europe on Monday. The dullest must see that what Austria is driving at is not simply a blow at Pan-Serbism, but the acquisition of Servian territory. This, however, would surely not be permitted by the Powers, no matter how rapid may be the triumph of Austrian arms, without reference to a European Conference. The German Emperor has refused to assent to the calling of such a Conference in advance, in order to prevent war, if possible, but it will have to come later—unless, indeed, all the Continental nations should be drawn into the conflict which Austria has so arrogantly and wickedly begun.

WILSON'S USE OF DEFEAT.

In requesting the President to withdraw from the Senate his nomination as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. Thomas D. Jones has behaved as handsomely as he has done throughout the entire affair. The country knew nothing about him before, but it now knows him to be a man of exceptional vigor, independence, and high-mindedness. It is evident that the striking testimonial to him, signed by the leading merchants and bankers of Chicago, did not over-state his qualifications.

This is said to be the President's first notable defeat in Congress. It is such in the sense that Mr. Jones was his personal choice for the Federal Reserve Board, and that he urged a confirmation with all the power of his Administration. Mr. Wilson's letter to Senator Owen, in behalf of Mr. Jones, was not intended, it is reported, for publication. It was given out inadvertently. But in its statement about Mr. Jones's connection with the Harvester Company, it showed that the President was not fully informed, and gave an opening for the prejudice and animus which have been so unhappily displayed. Against them Mr. Wilson has not been able to make head.

It is one thing, however, to be defeated, and a different thing to utilize defeat in such a way as to strengthen one's position for the future. This is what President Wilson has done in his remarkable letter accepting the declination of Mr. Jones. Besides express-

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ing a very clear and biting opinion of the petty attitude of Senators Hitchcock and Reed, he has seized the occasion to set forth certain convictions and principles of his own which cannot fail to commend him to the sober judgment of Americans who think. In the first place, he has put vividly his conception of the new banking system as a great instrument for the general good upon which it is an outrage for partisanship to lay its hand. Anything like party scheming or captious meddling, in connection with it, is a wrong to the whole country. In the endeavor to establish sounder financial methods and to bring about a genuine prosperity, there should be, affirms the President, "united effort," with nothing of "partisan prejudice or class antagonism." With marked emphasis he writes: "I believe that the judgment and desire of the whole country cry out for a new temper in affairs."

What the President means by this, he has made very definite. There has been a spirit of proscription in the air. Against some classes of men there has been the grossest discrimination. They have been lumped together, after the fashion of the French Revolution, as Enemies of the People. If one wanted an example of this, one could find it in the ranting in which Senator Reed was indulging last Thursday at the very moment when the news of Mr. Jones's withdrawal was made known in the Senate. Could we believe him, there are whole groups of rapacious Americans going about to oppress and devour their fellow-citizens. It is the Terror come again. Of course, a man like Senator Reed is more than half-conscious that he is talking clap-trap. He is simply holding up bogey-men before his frightened constituents. But the effect of such tirades as his is most mischievous. It tends not only to exclude a man like Mr. Jones from a public service which he was ready to undertake at a personal sacrifice, but to prevent others of his kind from subjecting themselves to similar vilification and rebuffs. This was a point made by the impressive array of Chicago men who urged the confirmation of Mr. Jones. How, they asked, if he is rejected, can we expect men of high character and marked ability to undertake public work for the nation? They saw clearly that the course of the Senate was putting a premium on little and subservient men. President Wilson, too, sees it, and makes plain his abhorrence of the small-minded and intolerant attitude which would shut out great capacity from great services. In the most explicit language, he declared in his letter that the "manifest injustice" done to Mr. Jones was not in keeping with the desires and the demands of a "generous, fair, and honorable people"; and he stamped upon the whole idea of proscribing any class when it is a question of enlisting the best skill and the truest patriotic devotion in the great constructive work of government.

Some people in Washington have intimated that this first defeat of the President will be as a letting out of the waters. Hereafter, they pretend to think, Senate or House will feel at liberty to deny or thwart him. This will be as it will be. No cool observer ever supposed that President Wilson's extraordinary ascendency over Congress could be indefinitely maintained. But it is far from being at an end as yet. And in the way in which he has so seized upon his first striking check as to cover his enemies with humiliation and to get his own strong purpose more clearly before the country than ever before, is plain warning that some men do not cease to be formidable simply because they are defeated. Of Mr. Wilson it may evidently be said, as it was of an English statesman, that he has a "terrible rebound."

THE COMPENSATION LAW IN ACTION.

As the first month of the operation in New York State of the Workmen's Compensation act draws to a close, its reality as a factor in the people's life becomes apparent in the news of the day. Such headlines as "A Thousand Claims a Day for Compensation," "Forty-eight Deaths in Twenty-three Days," bring home vividly to the mind how large a part the simple and comprehensive mechanism of the new system is going to play in reducing distress and relieving anxiety among the great mass of toilers in this State, and in preserving to thousands of children opportunities for education and advancement of which a wholly unexpected blow of fate might otherwise have deprived them. That the law has marked faults, and that, aside from any specific defects, the system will carry with it difficulties and evils that must be reckoned with as an offset to its benefits, may be admitted; but the feeling must be well-nigh universal, among persons of right instincts, that here has been accomplished a great stroke in the fight against human misery, a great addition to the sum of human happiness.

That the cost of this great gain has to be paid for, and that it will be borne by the people at large in their capacity as consumers, is also being brought home in various ways. One of the most definite, and in some respects most interesting, instances of this is furnished by the action of a number of the laundry companies, which have adopted the simple plan of adding one cent to their charge for each bundle of laundry delivered. On the slip it is distinctly stated that this is done "on account of the cost of the Workmen's Compensation law," the company adding that they are "firm believers in workmen's compensation, but it undoubtedly increases the cost of production." From the beginning, the advocates of the legislation have planted themselves on the ground that the burden of accidents occurring in the ordinary operation of an industry ought not to be borne by the individuals who happen to be the victims, but ought to be regarded as a normal charge upon the business, the cost entailed by proper compensation for injury or death to enter into the accounts on the same basis as the outlay for fuel, or light, or fire-insurance, or taxes. And although it took some time for this idea to become familiar to the public, it must be said that as soon as it was clearly grasped it met everywhere with ready acceptance. There has been no false pretence in the advocacy of the policy, nor has there, among intelligent people, been any misunderstanding as to the nature of its working. We were all supposed to be very willing to pay our share, as consumers, for that which it was clearly desirable should be done and for which, if done, it was clearly equitable that the consumers should pay. Nevertheless, it is fortunate that in this little matter of the laundry people are made to realize expressly and palpably, even though on a small scale, that these things *do* have to be paid for, not by an abstract entity called the State, but by John Smith or Mary Jones, in the very concrete capacity of a wearer of shirts and stockings.

As for the amount of burdens of this kind in general, when they are realized at all, it must be confessed that people are prone to magnify rather than to belittle them. If the "cost of living" should continue to rise, or even should continue at its present high level, there will doubtless be a great deal said about the way in which the compensation act has aggravated the situation. Generically, such talk is perfectly justified; specifically, it is apt to be very loose and irresponsible. The same kind of thing is true, too, about the burdens laid upon the community by the ever-increasing demands upon State and city governments for humanitarian institutions, for education and public health, and for the maintenance of conditions conducive to better living for the mass-

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es. But the cold figures, when looked at, large as they are in themselves, are seen to be very small in comparison with the aggregate expenditures of the well-to-do and the rich. To imagine, as some have done, that the maintenance of their standard of comfort by even the fairly well-to-do, or their ability to rear a family, is seriously affected by the cost of the State's philanthropic activities is to form arithmetical conclusions without arithmetical data. The state of mind at the bottom of such notions is not altogether unlike that which was wittily exposed by a public-spirited man of wealth, a short time ago. "If any man tells you," he said to the solicitor for a charity for which a vigorous campaign was made, "that he is being called upon for so many things that he is afraid he will end in the poorhouse, just tell him that whenever he gets to the poorhouse I will refund to him all the money he has ever spent on charity."

We must avoid both the extreme of ignoring the seriousness of the expense that may be involved in the multiform schemes which fall under the comprehensive designation of "social betterment," and the other extreme of crying out in exaggerated alarm whenever any such scheme is broached. Large as is the scope of this compensation for injuries and the expense thereof, it has limits which would seem to be pretty well fixed from the beginning by obvious conditions. This is not the case with old-age pensions, nor with pension schemes generally; and in these there are apt also to enter factors which may be far more demoralizing, both as to politics and as to individual life, than is the case with the system of compensation for accident.

FOLKWAYS IN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

The picturesque proceedings in the Caillaux trial bring to the front, more vividly than anything that has happened since the Dreyfus case, the contrast between Continental criminal procedure and that prevailing throughout the English-speaking world. Great as are the differences inherent in the two juristic systems, the contrast is perhaps greatest between the Continental system as practiced in France and the English system as exemplified in the United States. Reading the reports of what has gone on day after day in the Paris courtroom, one finds one's self in a world so different from that depicted in any great trial in New York, that one hardly feels as if the same name should be applied to the two things. A person whose habits and training had caused him to believe that either was marked out by sacred and indisputable principles as the only just method of establishing the truth of a criminal case might easily fall into the error of looking upon the other as absurd or monstrous. "What, admit hearsay and sentiment, let witnesses deliver stump speeches, and drag in any fact, however remote, that they or their counsel fancy may have some influence on the jury's judgment? How can a jury deal responsibly with this farrago of miscellaneous assertions? Will not the value of them be judged simply according to the fancy, or the prejudices, of the jury? And is this not reducing a trial to a farce?"

Such might be the feeling of the American or the Englishman; but the Frenchman could match it in his judgment of our methods. "*Is it possible,*" he might say, "*that this* everlasting fencing on the admissibility of evidence is really calculated to bring out the truth? Again and again, one finds one's self at the very crux of the matter, but some metaphysical objection closes the lips of the witness. Moreover, the effort expended on these technical matters is so exhausting that the point of view of all concerned becomes a false one. You not only refuse to let in all the light that can be had on the subject, but you fix attention so intensely on the rules of the game that the real object—the ascertainment of the truth—ceases to be, as it should be, the one absorbing purpose of judge and jury. With us, the truth is the thing constantly sought for; we may dash about wildly in our search for it, but our eyes are open, our hands are untied, and we get it at last if there is any way of hunting it down."

That the one way is as good as the other would be a bold assertion; but that each has its advantages and each its drawbacks there can be no question. Probably the opinion of Fitzjames Stephen that, on the whole, miscarriages of justice have, in practice, been found to be just about as likely under one system as under the other, is not very far from being the opinion of the ablest students of the subject. But to hold this opinion is very different from asserting that questions of procedure are of no importance. It is quite possible that the English method has worked out, among the peoples of whose traditions and temperament it is an outcome, far better than the Continental method could have done; and *vice versa*. But the fundamental fact is that the right working of either depends essentially on the desire to do justice. Given this, and either method will be made to serve the ends of truth and equity; the right of the accused on the one hand not to be condemned without convincing evidence, and of the State on the other not to be paralyzed in the upholding of the law by trivial or unreasonable difficulties, will be paramount, however the external form may seem to stand in the way. Pope's dictum, "Whate'er is best administered is best," applies more truly to the forms of the administration of justice than it does to forms of government in general.

An interesting aspect of the question raised by these comparisons relates to the degree of strictness with which the rules of procedure should be applied. Under the English system, there has been at various times a vast amount of abuse arising from a senseless magnifying of technicalities. In England, procedure was long ago so reformed as almost completely to rid criminal trials of this reproach. In our own country, the agitation of the subject during the past twenty years has accomplished notable improvement in practice, but there is still room for much more. The fact that all the great nations of the Continent get on without a large part of those rules of procedure which we regard as so essential does not justify a general and undiscriminating laxity in the application of those rules; this would be sure to mean partiality and inequity at best, and something like chaos at worst. But that consideration may properly be adduced to fortify the argument from common-sense against the erection of technical rules into a sacredness that is foreign to their nature. The rules should he obeyed strictly, and above all uniformly; but they should not be stretched beyond their natural meaning, or made so exacting as to demand for their fulfilment performance that borders on impossibility.

It is in reference to the subject of immunity that this question of the limits to the sacredness of a principle of procedure is most strikingly exemplified. The Constitutional principle—wholly absent from the procedure in French trials—that no person "shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself," has been construed to cover so much more than what the words themselves say, that it has acquired the name of "the criminal's privilege." This, it seems to us, could never have come about if the distinction between principles of high import in themselves and principles which are mere practical rules for the attainment of an ulterior end had been borne in mind. There is nothing inherently wrong, nothing inherently oppressive, about asking an accused person to tell his story in court; but the process is liable to abuse, and the Constitutional provision is based solely on

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the belief that the only safe way to prevent the abuse is to exempt the accused from any necessity of answering questions. Such being the case, let the rule be obeyed by all means; but let it be obeyed and no more. It is senseless to girdle it about with one line of defence after another, for fear that somehow or other it might be violated. A violation of the rule is not an evil in itself, for the rule is not a good in itself; to treat it with the fearful reverence belonging to the fundamental rights of person or property is not only mischievous, but senseless.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER.

The plan to have a public defender has doubtless suffered from the title proposed for that officer. It seems to assume that his duty is simply to seek to obtain acquittal. But State laws have long guaranteed to accused persons defence by a qualified attorney. By many a fee is regularly allowed to this temporary public defender. The creation of the public defender aims to put this defence on a better basis. The Massachusetts Commission on Immigration has found that hundreds of misunderstanding and misunderstood poor persons yearly suffer through the entrusting of their cases to men lacking in ability, honesty, or energy; and it recommends the establishment of a public defender as essential "to prevent crime and teach respect for the law."

The sole places in America which have made trial of the public defender are Los Angeles, where one has served since January, 1914, as a State officer, and Portland, Oregon, where private provision has been made for the maintenance of the office. The law authorizing the innovation in Oklahoma was vetoed by the Governor. In five months Attorney Ward of Los Angeles has investigated 3,000 cases, and has appeared in 135 of these in the criminal courts. The District Attorney, admitting his hostility to the plan at the outset, remarks that "you are performing a duty which this office has attempted in safeguarding the rights of the defendant; and I believe under the circumstances your position gives you a better opportunity to perform that duty than the prosecutor has." It appears that the most crying need was for some one willing to verify the stories of the accused and find witnesses in their behalf. Men, again, who did not realize that many trials involve questions of law as well as of fact, or men mentally defective, would plead guilty though they had committed no crime, or one palliated by circumstances. Accused, finally, who did not know that the law gave them time to make a defence, would plead guilty so as to receive a minimum fine.

The civil side of the Los Angeles work has revealed need for relief which would otherwise cost too much. Many have won wage settlements when they had not the price of a meal. Like the Legal Aid Societies, the public defender gives the lie to the charge that the courts are only for the rich. Portland's public defender has labored only in police courts. The Municipal Judge testifies that he has given a new meaning to the guarantee of a fair and impartial trial, and he himself writes in *Case and Comment* of the correction of the gravest defect of the Western police court—the disregard of the rules of evidence observed in a court of record, so that "dozens of persons are convicted on hearsay testimony and testimony otherwise incompetent."

The reiterated objection to the public defender is that the State concedes the accused every safeguard; he must be indicted by a grand jury, on a sworn accusation; he is confronted by his witnesses; he is allowed challenges and pleas; and twelve men must agree on his guilt. "One really wonders," remarks *Bench and Bar*, "how a conviction can ever be secured." But the fact is that many charges are backed by colored evidence, and that action by the grand jury is often hurried. The machinery of the law is directed by a public officer eager for results. Pitted against hired lawyers, he acquires aggressiveness not easily shaken off. Where tested, the public defender has not hampered the law, but has facilitated it by coöperation with the district attorney, and has reduced expenses by pointing out cases where prosecution is useless. He will obviously be no more inclined to acquit a guilty man than the prosecutor to convict an innocent.

To maintain that there should everywhere be a public defender would be absurd. The innovation is one to be introduced slowly. One locality may learn from the experience of another. The investigations undertaken separately by the Phi Delta Phi Society and the New York County Lawyers' Association should show whether a public defender is desirable here. There is no doubt that in many courts the ignorant and helpless suffer at the hands of petty exploiters; there is little doubt that, even apart from such shysters, the machinery of justice frequently works with roughness. There may be a variety of remedies. May not the public defender prove to be one of them?

A CENTURY OF "WAVERLEY."

Nothing in "Waverley" is more romantic than the story of its varying fortunes, from the day when, upon the unfavorable opinion of "a critical friend," Scott "threw aside" its first half-dozen chapters, "without either reluctance or remonstrance," to the day, nine years later, when, happening to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, he looked into an old writing-desk and "the long-lost manuscript presented itself." Like the Disinherited Knight of a later tale, the neglected chapters went forth with no recommendation save their own merit. The author of "Marmion" could not afford to risk his poetical reputation in "a new style of composition"! Nor was it certain at first that his hesitation was not well founded. The public did not appear to welcome the anonymous production. Yet this indifference was short-lived. Scott confessed that "after the first two or three months its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained." A little longer, and it became evident that a new era had been inaugurated in English literature. This was in 1814. A hundred years later finds the series of romances thus begun flourishing in undiminished popularity, and every aspiring author hoping for a tithe of the success of the novels that poured forth from the Wizard's pen.

People sometimes amuse themselves by asking one another in what period of the world's history they would choose to have lived. It would be easy to make a worse answer than to say: "In the early part of the nineteenth century, when one could be sure of a new novel by Scott every year." One might imagine the Ulster Conference adjourning for a few days in order that the leading members of His Majesty's Government and of His Majesty's Opposition might finish the latest romance spun by the Wizard of the North. No murder trial would be complete without copious quotations from the newest volume from Edinburgh, not necessarily because of the relevancy of anything uttered by hero or heroine, but because of the compelling interest of the scenes. The opposing lawyers would vie with each other for the privilege of reading as much as possible to the jury. High-school students, neglecting their prescribed reading, would cover several times as much ground in the fascinating new story, nor credit a bold prophet who should speak of the day when so irresistible a book would find its way to the college entrance list.

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But do you mean to imply that as an historical romancer Scott was perfect? One thing we like about the author of "Waverley" is that he did not think so himself. He seems almost pained that so careless a piece of writing should have won so great a success. "The whole adventures of Waverley, in his movements up and down the country with the Highland cateran Bean Lean," he points out, just as if he were a professor of English literature, "are managed without much skill." Robertson Nicoll has just been demonstrating Scott's "glorious confusion" in "Midlothian." Then there is the awful slip in the seventh chapter of "The Antiquary," where he makes "the huge disk" of a setting sun sink into the ocean off the east coast of Scotland. Moreover, especially in "Waverley," he is long in getting under way, and more than a bit uncertain of his course. His third reading of "Pride and Prejudice" brings from him a sigh: "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied me." With limitations like these, how is it that he and his tales have survived a hundred years?

Let the shameful truth come from the novelist himself. After confessing the lack of plan in "Waverley," he immediately added: "It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and manners, to which the reality gave an interest which the powers of the author might have otherwise failed to attain for them." And in another place he is even bolder in setting interest above technical perfection or even historical accuracy. "He that would please the modern world," he writes, "yet present the exact impression of a tale of the Middle Ages, will repeatedly find that he will be obliged, in despite of his utmost exertions, to sacrifice the last to the first object." It is unnecessary to read farther. Here was evidently a man who was determined to delight his readers even at the cost of offending the antiquaries. Let his knowledge of the past, and his conscious tampering with it, be the measure of his guilt. Carlyle hit him a harder blow. He has no message, according to the Prince of Message-Bearers. We should not be surprised if the romancer had instinctively avoided anything resembling one. How brazen, then, for Waverley and his fellows to be marching along after a hundred years, their eyes not dim, nor their natural force abated!

Foreign Correspondence

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS IN ENGLAND—THE VALUE OF THE OXFORD "LOCALS"—THEIR SCOPE AND SIGNIFICANCE.

LONDON, July 17.

There is a familiar story of how a French Minister of Public Instruction one day pulled out his watch, and remarked that at that moment every schoolboy in France was taking a lesson in such-and-such a subject. The tale is not true, but *ben trovato*, and the title of *Il Trovatore* belongs in this sense to the late Edward Bowen, of Harrow, who invented the story as a satire on the Continental tendency to the over-regulation of education. But there exists an office in Oxford where the secretary—a distinguished mathematical don—might pull out his watch at nine o'clock next Thursday morning, and declare: "At this hour 15,000 English schoolboys and schoolgirls in all parts of the country—from Berwick to Weymouth, and from Penzance to Great Yarmouth—will sit down to tackle my examination papers in arithmetic." For next week is one of the most important in the English school year—the week of the "Oxford Locals."

Foreign students of English secondary education have scarcely given due attention to the part played in its development by the "local" examinations of the older universities. Until the last few years the national Government had little to do with the secondary schools. There had grown up a large number of such schools of varying types and under diverse control—old endowed schools, schools founded by religious denominations and other corporations, and schools owned by private individuals. It all seemed utterly chaotic—an example of independence run mad. Yet, in fact, this apparently heterogeneous mass of institutions was largely coördinated by an examination system, originated by Oxford, and afterwards adopted by Cambridge also, which, while allowing elasticity of method, brought the work of these schools to the test of a common standard. The impartial outside criterion thus applied to wealthy and poor schools alike gave a recognition to good teaching wherever it was to be found, and helped to kill off the pretentious "academies," so called, whose inefficiency had hitherto escaped exposure. In the smaller rural towns, especially, the local examinations of the two universities did much to raise the tone of the secondary schools, long before the national Government attempted anything in the way of inspection and assistance.

Next week's Oxford local examinations will be held simultaneously at 41 centres in or near London, 351 in the provinces, and 13 abroad. Of the last group, three centres are in New Zealand, one in Natal, one at St. Kitt's, one in the Bahamas, one at Malta, one at Hongkong, one at a mission settlement at Chefoo, and four in Belgium, where the convent schools for girls attract many English pupils. The establishment of a local centre is not a very intricate affair. Most of the work is done by some resident interested in education, who undertakes the duties of local secretary. He gathers around him a local committee to share the financial responsibility and take turns in assisting in the supervision in the examination room. Some centres admit boys only, others girls only, and others both boys and girls. The local committee has to guarantee to the Oxford Delegacy of Local Examinations that it will present not less than twenty-five candidates, each paying to headquarters a fee of £1, or that, in default of the full number, it will make up the balance of fees. The committee is authorized to charge the candidates an additional fee of a few shillings to meet the local expenses of hire of examination room, stationery, postage, and the superintending examiner's railway fare, board, and lodging. At some centres the number of candidates considerably exceeds a hundred. In such cases the local committee can afford to reduce its local fee to a very small sum, and, at the same time, have a surplus to spend on prizes.

Candidates may come from any school or may have been privately taught. They enter themselves for either the senior, the junior, or the preliminary examination. They are not eligible for honors in the senior if over nineteen years of age, or in the junior over seventeen, or in the preliminary over fourteen, but candidates for a pass certificate are admitted though exceeding these ages.

The senior examination comprises twenty-three sections: (1) arithmetic; (2) religious knowledge; (3) history; (4) English language and literature; (5) geography; (6) political economy, etc.; (7) Latin; (8) Greek; (9) French; (10) German; (11) Italian; (12) Spanish; (13) mathematics; (14) higher mathematics; (15) botany; (16) chemistry; (17) physics; (18) domestic science and hygiene; (19) music; (20) bookkeeping; (21) needlework; (22) natural science, and (23) drawing. To obtain a certificate a candidate must satisfy the examiners in at least five subjects, of which four must be from sections (1) to (19). No one may offer more than eight subjects from sections (2) to (23). The scheme is thus distinctly an elective one, while discouraging "soft snaps." It is announced that the quality of the handwriting and of the spelling and the style of the composition will be taken into account throughout the examination.

Still further alternatives are offered in the details of the various sections, so that the schools which send up candidates are not obliged to follow an identical curriculum. There are choices, for example, in the books of Scripture that may be studied for (2), in the periods of history for (3), in the English classics for (4), and in the Latin and Greek books for (7) and (8). The music is entirely theoretical, but no one can pass in chemistry or botany without satisfying practical tests. A similar syllabus, but less advanced and less varied, is prescribed for the junior examination, with twenty sections, and for the preliminary, with seventeen.

The experience of many years has brought the management of these examinations to a high pitch of efficiency. The instructions issued from headquarters at Oxford to superintending examiners and local committees, as well as to candidates, make what appears like a complicated scheme work with perfect smoothness. At each centre the superintending examiner is an Oxford M.A., appointed by the Delegacy. He has nothing to do with judging the answers, but is responsible for the supervision during the whole of the examination week. He has to see, for instance, that the local committee has housed the examination in adequate rooms with a desk space of four feet for each candidate; that the sealed packets of question papers are opened and the contents distributed at the prescribed times; that the answers are collected accord-

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ing to schedule, are duly classified, and are packed up and sent off to Oxford each night. Meanwhile the staff of examiners proper is assembled at Oxford, in readiness to begin their work without delay as soon as the packages of answers begin to arrive from the local centres.

The examiners are Oxford graduates who are experts in their subjects, and who, as a rule, have had actual experience of school-teaching. Within a few weeks the results are published, the successful candidates being divided into three honors classes, followed by a pass list. An Oxford local certificate, under certain conditions, exempts the holder from the entrance examination at the various English universities and from the preliminary examination of various professional societies—such as the Pharmaceutical Society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Royal Institute of Architects, the Institute of Chartered Accountants, etc.

A few weeks later still, "supplementary tables" are issued, from which a candidate may learn the specific subjects in which he passed or failed. The examiners' reports accompanying these tables are full of useful suggestions for teachers. They may call attention, for instance, to the fact that in trigonometry many candidates employed logarithms in such a way as to increase rather than diminish their labor, or may point out that oral instruction in foreign languages is being overdone, the pupils not being as familiar with reading a language as with listening to it. In another subject teachers may be warned that they are relying upon antiquated textbooks.

In 1858, the first year of the Oxford local examinations, 1,151 candidates presented themselves. The senior honors list was headed by a boy named Edward George Clarke, who has since become one of the leaders of the English bar. Last year the candidates numbered nearly 20,000, of whom over 13,000 obtained certificates.

The Cambridge local examinations, organized on very much the same system, attract a slightly larger number of candidates than the Oxford. In addition, the two universities have united in establishing the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, which examines such schools as have a regularly constituted governing body, and prepare a fair proportion of their boys for the universities—a class which includes both the older "public schools" (in the English sense), like Eton and Harrow, and newer foundations of the type of Clifton and Marlborough. The certificates that are granted in connection with these examinations similarly carry exemption from the preliminary tests of universities and professional bodies.

No doubt the method of gauging the work of schools by a written examination is far short of the ideal. Nowadays in many schools it is supplemented by a state inspection of the every-day teaching in the school itself. But fifty years ago the introduction of a system of inspection would have been so costly that the smaller private schools—those most in need of the stimulus of a test from outside—would have been excluded from its advantages. At that time the local examinations, setting up as they did an equal and independent standard, did much to raise the whole level of secondary education in England, and experience has so proved their value that to-day the advantages they offer are more keenly sought than ever before.

H. W. H.

THE LATE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND—HIS PRO-SLAVIC SYMPATHIES—SERB AMBITIONS.

GRATZ, Austria, July 11.

The shady parks of this pleasant city were filled with the usual holiday loungers on the Sunday afternoon of June 28, when the first reports of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand reached the city. These were at first received with unbelief, but the newspaper offices soon began posting bulletins confirming them, and giving the principal details of the crime, and the excitement then became intense. The city of Gratz had a peculiar interest in the late Archduke, for in the first place it was here that he was born and passed his earliest years, and, secondly, his politics and conduct of public affairs had made him so unpopular that, except in military and clerical circles, his accession to power was regarded here with considerable misgivings.

Francis Ferdinand was undoubtedly unpopular, excepting always with the soldiers and the clericals, in his native city as well as in other parts of the country in which the population is predominantly German, and for two reasons—because he favored Slavic rather than Germanic interests in Austrian political life and because in religious matters he was a strong and illiberal clerical. In Gratz the antagonism between the Slavic and the Germanic elements of the population is intensified because of the proximity of the city to the ethnic borderland of Austria. The city regards itself as the southeastern outpost of Germanic culture and the German language, since but a few miles to the south of it the population of the country becomes Slavonian and a few miles to the east is the western border of the Hungarian plain. The acute and irrepressible conflict which has been going on for a generation between the Germanic and the Slavic elements of the population is one of the most interesting developments in the history of social institutions. The German-speaking citizens of Austria consider themselves the eldest sons of the Empire, and as such claim precedence in its social and political life, and, as a matter of fact, although they are in the minority numerically, the greater part of the political power, as well as of the wealth, culture, and industry of the Empire, has from time immemorial been in their hands.

Since the fatal year 1866, however, the Slavic elements of the population have been asserting themselves with great vigor and success and striving to gain the position to which their greater numbers would seem to entitle them. The Germans of the Austrian borderlands thus find themselves engaged in a life-and-death struggle with an active and relentless foe which is determined to destroy so far as possible the Germanic influence and to supplant it with the Slavic.

Francis Ferdinand, although of German blood, did not support the German Austrians in this struggle, but gave his great influence to the cause of the Slavs. Just how much this attitude was due to his wife, who was a Bohemian, is not known, but it is generally believed that her influence with him was great. Francis Ferdinand was known to be a strong, self-reliant, and self-contained man, but he was devotedly attached to his morganatic wife, and it is probable that he was inclined to assist her people to gain the position they felt belonged to them in the Austrian Empire.

His relation to the Slavic and the other non-Magyar elements of the population of Hungary was similar. As in Austria, so in Hungary the race which has from the earliest times been the dominant race is in the numerical minority and finds itself opposed politically by other races of different languages and traditions. These subordinate races, however—the Germans, Croatians, Slavonians, Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Rumanians—occupy a different position with reference to the ruling race than do the subordinate races of Austria. The Magyars of Hungary are an energetic and masterful race, the various parts and parties of which, whatever their differences of opinion on other matters, are absolutely united in their attitude towards the non-Magyar peoples of the country. They have never swerved from their determination to be the ruling caste and to keep the other races in subservience. Politically, also, they are a highly developed people and are able to unite for the accomplishment of a common end. In Austria, on the other hand, the Germans are split into a variety of parties and groups which are often so fiercely opposed to one another that united action is impossible. Their Slavic opponents make full use of this fact and thus occupy a much stronger position in the maintenance of their institutions and languages than do their brethren in Hungary.

It has been of great importance, consequently, to the non-Magyar populations of Hungary to have the moral and political support of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The Croatians were under especial obligations to him in their heated and long-drawn-out contests with the Magyar rulers in Budapest and entertained great hopes of his reign when he should finally come to the throne. The Rumanians of eastern Hungary were also especially favored by him. He was, indeed, popularly supposed to have been bitterly hostile to the Magyars, but this is an imputation which undoubtedly did him an injustice. Francis Ferdinand showed friendship for the Magyars in various ways. He spoke their language fluently and enjoyed speaking it, and frequently visited the Magyar magnates. But he was a large-minded man of statesmanlike views, who could comprehend the needs and rights of all the races whom he would one day be called upon to govern.

It seems like the irony of fate that, although he sought to advance the interests of his Slav subjects, it was by one of these that the Archduke was finally assassinated. The assassination of Francis Ferdinand, however, was an expression of the rage felt by all Serbs, both in and out of Servia, at the attitude of Austria-Hungary towards Servia during the Balkan War and at the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The Serbs are an ambitious race and have formulated extensive pan-Servian plans. The Balkan war enabled them to realize a portion of these plans by the annexation of the ancient Servian territories in Macedonia. A further development of them contemplated the annexation of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, and finally of Dalmatia. The population of all these countries is predominantly Serb, and their inclusion in the kingdom would give to Servia a large and compact territory with a considerable seacoast. The rulers of Vienna and Budapest, however, have naturally spared no efforts to prevent the realization of these ambitions. Hence the acrimonious diplomatic squabbles which have taken place between the Austro-Hungarian and Servian Cabinets and which have many times brought the two countries to the brink of war. Hence, too, the assassination of Francis Ferdinand. The

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Archduke's plans with reference to the Serbs contemplated indeed a greater Servia, but within the limits of the dual monarchy. To the Servian enthusiasts this idea is hateful. Their greater Servia must be an independent country.

Still more irritating to the Austrian-Germans than the Archduke's position in the race troubles of the country was his intense clericalism. We in America do not realize what we have escaped in that we have no political party which represents a religious sect. Here the advocates and orators of the Clerical party often do not hesitate to appeal to the public with perfect confidence to support its candidates for political office on purely religious grounds because God is on their side and the devil on the other. Such an orator near Gratz recently promised the favor of St. Anthony of Padua, who is a very popular saint in these parts, to all who would vote his party ticket, and the wrath of God to those who refused to do so. Such campaign methods naturally bring confusion into the consideration of every proper political issue and have had the result in Austria of alienating from the Church most of the intelligence and industry of the land, so that the two classes of the population which are still faithful to the Church are the highest and the lowest—the upper nobility and the peasants. The latter are ignorant and superstitious and are easily held by the clergy. The higher nobility are still faithful, probably largely because the Imperial family, including all of its ramifications, are strong adherents of the state Church. No one, therefore, would have complained of Francis Ferdinand for being a devout churchman; it was expected of him. Since his marriage with Countess Sophie Chotek, however, he was much more than this. His wife was of a deeply religious character, and apparently to please her he became an active supporter of the political propaganda of the Church. Also in purely ecclesiastical matters, such as the appointment of bishops, he favored men who were extreme and ultramontane in their views instead of those who were liberal and national. His interest in the social, inner life of the Austrian people took this direction, and this alone. He was apparently but little interested in art, music, education, or literature, all of which occupy so much of the attention of the middle and upper classes in Austria, except in their relation to the Church.

Notwithstanding these facts, there is even among those who disliked the Archduke a feeling of genuine sorrow and of loss at his death. It is recognized that he was a strong man with a capacity for leadership, a man of good intentions, a good husband and father, and it is felt that the Government of the country, with its tremendous and almost insuperable difficulties, needs such a man. The head of the Austrian state governs it in a very real sense, and should be before all things a man of character. The personal idiosyncrasies of the ruler and his likes and dislikes are matters of relatively subordinate importance, since his policies, whatever they be, are sure to be displeasing to great numbers of his subjects, so very conflicting are the interests of the various groups into which they are divided. It is indeed unfortunate that the Archduke should have been removed from the scene in the very prime of life and when his people were beginning to understand and to respect him. And what the political consequences of his assassination will be it is impossible to foretell.

HENRY S. PRATT.

Joseph Chamberlain

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

A CONTEMPORARY'S ESTIMATE OF A GREAT ENGLISHMAN, WHO WAS FOR YEARS THE DOMINANT FORCE IN THE POLITICS OF HIS COUNTRY, BUT NEVER ACHIEVED THE HIGHEST MARK.

Eulogies spoken across the table of the House of Commons honoring prominent Members who have finally answered to the old Lobby cry, "Who goes Home?" are not uncommon. It is exceedingly rare that there should be added the last tribute of an adjournment of the House. That it should have been paid to Mr. Chamberlain upon the motion of the Prime Minister, a political opponent of life-long standing, adds to its value. The scene presented the House of Commons in its best aspect. With one accord, Members uncovered when the Premier rose, and remained bareheaded throughout the three speeches. Mr. Chamberlain was a relentless foe, a mercilessly hard hitter. Having in the course of his career shattered in turn two great political parties, it was inevitable that he should have created a host of personal enemies. By his graveside rancor was hushed. There was general, unqualified consent to Mr. Asquith's suggestion, clothed in one of the perfect sentences of an exquisite speech. "It is," he said, "fitting that within these walls, where the echoes of his voice seem to many of us still to linger, we should suspend for a few hours the clash of controversy and conflict while we all join in acknowledging our common debt to the life and example of a great Englishman."

At one point in this speech, Mr. Asquith incidentally referred to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain in the course of a brilliant career had never attained the Premiership, a position to which he seemed predestined. On this point I am able to supply interesting testimony of Mr. Chamberlain's personal views and aspirations on the subject. In the spring of 1900 I happened to sit next to him at a little dinner given by a mutual friend. He talked with the frankness, doubtless well considered, which sometimes startled people. He mentioned that he had that morning been reading a magazine article of mine published simultaneously in London and New York discussing his chances of succession to the Premiership.

"If," he said, "you want to know the truth about the matter, I will tell you. Never at any time in any circumstances do I intend to be Prime Minister of the Unionist party. I am ready to serve under Arthur Balfour or any one else who may be preferred to the post. I confess it was different when I was on the other side. Fifteen years ago I was certainly resolved to be Prime Minister in the Liberal succession. If I had been, you would have seen established that condition of Liberal Imperialism of which Rosebery and others futilely talk to-day."

There were three crises in the career of Mr. Chamberlain which, had they turned in a different direction, would have changed the history of England during the two decades following on the year 1886. When, in 1882, W. E. Forster was driven out of the Irish office, a feat the accomplishment of which was largely due to Chamberlain's action, that gentleman had marked succession to the office as his own. At this epoch he, in conjunction with Sir Charles Dilke, was the rising hope of turbulent Irish Nationalism clamoring for Home Rule. Forster had, at the risk of his life, attempted to stamp out the aspiration with the iron heel of Coercion Acts. These Chamberlain opposed in Cabinet Council. Now Forster was got out of the way, he was prepared to be installed in Dublin Castle with authority to attempt to cure Land Leagueism by kindness. In anticipation of the Chief Secretaryship being entrusted to him, he, in the early days of May, 1882, took counsel with friends in the confidence of Parnell, friends not absolutely new to the Cabinet Minister. With characteristic self-confidence, he counted without Gladstone, who passed him over in favor of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Incredible on the face of it, indisputable in fact, the first intimation of the appointment reached him when, seated on the Treasury Bench, he heard the Whip move for a writ for a new election in the West Riding of Yorkshire, "to fill the place of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who since his election has accepted the office of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

That was adding insult to injury. It was probably the foundation for the personal animosity to his sometime Leader that marked their subsequent relations. Had he gone to Dublin in May, 1882, he might have met the fate reserved for Lord Frederick Cavendish. Or he might have realized the strong desire possessing him at the time to give Home Rule to Ireland. In either case, the course of history at home and abroad would, as averred, have been altered.

The second crisis happened between the introduction of Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill and its second reading. Chamberlain, unaccustomed to the strange armor newly put on as an ally of Lord Salisbury, hankered after reconciliation with his old party. A principal objection taken by him against the bill was the proposal to exclude Irish representation from Westminster. If that were withdrawn, he was prepared to abstain from opposition to the second reading, with the result that the Conservative onslaught would have been repulsed, the bill would have gone into committee, and the earthquake that rent in twain the Temple of Liberalism would have been averted.

As I have related elsewhere, upon documentary evidence supplied by the principal agents in the plot ("Sixty Years in the Wilderness"), everything was arranged to meet Chamberlain's views. In moving the second reading of the bill, Gladstone was to announce the withdrawal of this part of the scheme. Chamberlain was to follow, declar-

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ing his objection to the bill removed. The quarrel would be patched up, and the Liberal party would live together happy ever afterwards. For inscrutable, never-explained reasons, Gladstone concluded his speech without making the stipulated announcement. In the ensuing division Chamberlain led his fifty-five followers into the Opposition Lobby in line with the thirty-eight Whigs under the captaincy of Lord Hartington. The Home Rule bill was rejected, and the Liberal party was driven out into the wilderness, where, with brief interval, they forlornly wandered for nineteen years.

The third crisis arose in connection with what is known in history as the Round Table Conference. This final attempt at reconciliation had its origin in a speech addressed by Chamberlain to his Birmingham constituents, in which he let fall the significant remark that the differences between the severed sections of the Liberal party were such as might be settled by half-a-dozen men seated at a round table. As he thus summoned the conference on his own initiative, so he broke it up by an amazing letter, with strange irony addressed to a weekly religious paper. There is no doubt that when he entered upon the conference he hoped and believed it would lead to the closing up of sundered ranks. His frame of mind at this critical epoch is indicated in a passage from a letter written to me from Stornoway, dated April 21, 1887: "I deplore with you the state of feeling now prevailing in the Liberal party. There has been nothing like it in our generation, and the outlook is very black. Like you, I wish I were out of it all, for politics have lost all charm for me."

As events turned out, he then, in his fifty-first year, halted on the threshold of a new departure in political life that led him to a pedestal from which he will through all time stand out as a dauntless epoch-maker.

At his best, and he remained at his best up to the last day he was seen in the House of Commons, Chamberlain was the most powerful of Parliamentary debaters, not excepting Gladstone. Knowing the limits of his own capacity, he did not aim at oratory. He was preëminently a man of business, but was endowed with the gifts of lightning-like acuteness of perception, consummately lucid expression. In charge of an intricate bill, he steered it through the shoals of committee with masterful hand. He was perhaps seen at his best when he stood with his back to the wall, faced by a host of assailants. The more noisy the interruption the cooler he grew, warding off blows with deft parryig of his rapier, swiftly followed up b ytelling thrust at his aggressor.

When, in 1886, Gladstone having nailed the Home Rule flag to the Liberal masthead, Chamberlain drifted into the haven of Conservatism, he paid the penalty of his supreme capacity as a phrasemaker. "He that maketh others beware of his tongue," says Bacon, "let him beware of other men's memory." During the last twenty years of his active life Chamberlain, rising to address the House of Commons, was ever faced by the ghost of his dead self. Whatever questions might be to the front, Education, Ireland, Free Trade, the place in the political firmament held by the House of Lords, it turned out that Chamberlain the Radical had said the thing most damaging to the position at the moment taken up by Chamberlain the colleague of Lord Salisbury. When he had anything to say on any subject, whether the averment were that a particular thing was black or white, he said it in a clean-cut phrase that went straight home to the understanding and lingered long in the memory.

There is abundant precedent for the circumstance that, having commenced his political career in one camp, he concluded it in another. In this respect he is in the good company of Disraeli and Gladstone. Where his powerful individuality manifested itself is in the fact that while in turn he dominated the councils of the two great political parties of the state, he also, in turn, rent them to their centre. The breaking up of the Liberal party on the question of Home Rule was followed seventeen years later by the disruption of the Unionists on the question of Free Trade. The hand that wrought the ruin was in both cases Chamberlain's.

It is small wonder that a man with such a history should have created many enemies. After 1886 they were divided in the House of Commons into two groups, the Irish Nationalists, whose early trust he had betrayed, and the Radicals, whom he deserted. The bitter feeling found outburst in the historical free fights on the floor of the House in the final stage of the Home Rule bill of 1892. But if he had a cohort of enemies, he had a circle of warm friends, whose fidelity he was careful to reward.

The summit of his marvellous career was reached in the autumn of 1902, when, a passenger in the finest cruiser of the British Navy, the ex-Mayor of Birmingham, Secretary of State for the Colonies, sailed for the Cape, intent on binding up the wounds created by the ravages of war, the shout of Europe bidding him God-speed on his mission drowned by the acclaim of South Africa welcoming him to its shore. He was at that time not only the most powerful, but the most popular man in England. A companion picture presented five years later leaps to the eye. It shows a partly paralyzed figure painfully making its way across a London railway station, with gallant but futile attempt to raise its hat in response to the greeting cheer. It was Joseph Chamberlain returning from the Riviera, where he had passed some weeks in vain struggling with the effects of a blow that had stricken him down, while, dauntless, hopeful to the last, he was counting on the achievement of his final campaign. The incident suggested to one looker-on the idea of a wounded lion, long time lord of the forest, returning to its lair to die.

Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

III.

Recurring to Newton's Life of Lyons* and the revelations therein, presently, but four months after Palmerston's "Yankee Run" letter, came the Trent affair. The conduct of the British representative throughout that memorable and trying episode, as here intimately disclosed, might serve as an all-time model for diplomatists. It is not too much to say that Lyons then saved the situation. What we now have in his confidential dispatches to Earl Russell adds, it is true, nothing of moment to what we already knew. It is, however, the voice at the other end of the telephone we are listening to.

The stopping of the British mail steamer Trent on the high seas by Capt. Wilkes, in command of the San Jacinto, occurred on November 8, 1861. As Lord Newton very truly observes, "an incident of the gravest nature, it seemed likely to render futile all the laborious efforts made to keep the peace between England and the United States." The news arrived in England on November 27. The first private letter from Lord Lyons was of the 19th of the month. In it he wrote to Lord Russell:

> I am told confidently that orders were given at Washington which led to the capture on Board the *Trent*, and that they were signed by Mr. Seward without the knowledge of the President. I do not vouch for the truth of this.

The situation was most trying. Lord Newton writes:

> In the absence of authentic information [Lord Lyons] felt that on the one hand it would be unsafe to ask for a reparation which might be inadequate; on the other hand he was reluctant to make a demand which might be unnecessarily great. Consequently, he resolved to take no steps until he received instructions from home, refused to say a word on the subject either officially or unofficially, and instructed the Consuls to maintain silence.

Writing in his diary on the 16th, three days previous, W. H. Russell, "Our Special Correspondent" of the London *Times*, had said:

> I went to the Legation, and found the young diplomatists in the "Chancellerie" as demure and innocent as if nothing had happened, though perhaps they were a trifle more lively than usual. An hour later, and the whole affair was published in the evening papers.

Three days afterwards Lord Lyons thus expressed himself to Earl Russell:

> I have all along been expecting some such blow as the capture on board the *Trent*. Turn out how it may, it must I fear produce an effect on public opinion in both countries which will go far to disconcert all my peaceful plans and hopes. I am so worn out with the never-ending labour of keeping things smooth, under the discouragement of the

*Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy. By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net. The work is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $8.50 net.

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doubt whether by so doing I am not after all only leading these people to believe that they may go all lengths with us with impunity that I am sometimes half tempted to wish that the worst may have come already. However I do not allow this feeling to influence my conduct, and I have done nothing which can in the least interfere with any course which you may take concerning the affair of the *Trent*.

As is the case in all books written by Englishmen relating to America, as probably in all books written by Americans relating to things English, the author has a way of falling into quite portentous errors of detail. For instance, in referring to this episode, he speaks of the "Governor of Boston," meaning, of course, his Excellency John A. Andrew, then Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He says, truly enough, that Governor Andrew "distinguished himself by the following statement: 'That there may be nothing left to crown this exaltation, Commodore Wilkes fired his shot across the bows of the ship that bore the British lion at its head.'"

Referring shortly afterwards to other dispatches which he does not print, Lord Newton says that at this time—in the closing days of November—while the Trent affair was in process of settlement, Mr. Galt, the Canadian Finance Minister, happened to be in Washington and had an interesting conversation with President Lincoln, who disclaimed for himself and the Cabinet all thought of aggression against Canada:

The President also stated that he himself had been opposed to Mr. Seward's circular putting the coasts into a state of defence, but had been overruled. On being asked what the recommendation to make fortifications and depôts of arms on the Great Lakes meant, he only said, "We must say something to satisfy the people." About the Mason and Slidell case, he remarked, "Oh, that'll be got along with!" He further volunteered the observation that if he could not within a reasonable period get hold of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and keep Maryland, he should tell the American people to give up the contest, for it would be "too big" for them.

This is a distinctly interesting disclosure of the nature of the official advices as to the American situation then reaching the British Ministry.

Lord Newton seems to have some undisclosed grievance against Mr. Hammond, then permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. At one point he refers to him as a "man who seemed marked out to add to the gaiety of nations"; at another as a "very unfortunate prophet"; and, again, as one whose "singularly faulty judgment and unhappy prophecies have been already commented upon"; and, still later on, as "the guileless Hammond." Mr. Hammond now "expressed the opinion that Messrs. Mason and Slidell would be immediately executed, so that there might be an answer ready whenever their release was demanded."

Lord Russell's dispatch relating to the Trent affair is still freshly borne in mind. Most peremptory as originally drawn, it was softened down by the Prince Consort, then on his death-bed—his last public act. It reached Washington on the night of December 18th. The next morning Lord Lyons called on Mr. Seward and acquainted him with its general tenor; Lord Lyons next thus reports on this momentous interview to his chief:

Before I left Mr. Seward he said that there was one question which he would put to me "informally," but which it was most important that I should answer. Was any time fixed by my instructions within which the U. S. Government must reply? I told him that I did not like to answer the question; that what of all things I wished to avoid was the slightest appearance of a menace. He said I need not fear that; he only wished me to tell him privately and confidentially. I said that on that understanding, I would tell him that the term was seven days. He then said that much time would be lost if I did not let him have a copy of your dispatch "unofficially and informally"; that so much depended upon the wording of it, that it was impossible to come to a decision without reading it. I told him that the only difficulty I had about giving it to him at once unofficially was that the seven days would at once begin to run. He said that was very true, but I might let him have it on the understanding that no one but himself and the President should know that I had done so. I was very glad to let him have it on these terms. It will give time for the Packet (which is indeed already due) to arrive with M. Thouvenel's Dispatch to M. Mercier, and in the meantime give Mr. Seward who is now on the peace side of the Cabinet time to work with the President before the affair comes before the Cabinet itself. I sent the Dispatch to him in an envelope marked "Private and Confidential." Almost immediately afterwards he came here. He told me he was pleased to find that the Dispatch was courteous and friendly, and not dictatorial or menacing. There was however one question more which he must ask me, without an answer to which he could not act, but at the same time he must have the answer only in strict confidence between himself and me. I had told him in confidence that I was to wait seven days for an answer on the subject of the redress we required. Supposing he was within the seven days to send me a refusal, or a proposal to discuss the question? I told him that my instructions were positive and left me no discretion. If the answer was not satisfactory, and particularly if it did not include the immediate surrender of the Prisoners, I could not accept.

I was not sorry to tell him this in the way I did. I avoided all menace which could be an obstacle to the U. S. yielding, while I did the only thing which will make them yield if they ever do, let them know that we were really in earnest.

I don't think it likely they will give in, but I do not think it impossible they may do so, particularly if the next news from England brings note of warlike preparations and determination on the part of the Government and people.

Lord Newton then prints an official dispatch from Lyons to Russell, under date of December 23, 1861, descriptive of the final steps in the Trent affair. Incidentally Lord Lyons says:

M. Mercier went of his own accord to Mr. Seward the day before yesterday and expressed strongly his own conviction that the choice lay only between a compliance with the demands of England and war. He begged Mr. Seward to dismiss all idea of assistance from France, and not to be led away by the vulgar notion that the Emperor would gladly see England embroiled with the United States in order to pursue his own plans in Europe without opposition.

The dispatch closed as follows:

You will perhaps be surprised to find Mr. Seward on the side of peace. He does not like the look of the spirit he has called up. Ten months of office have dispelled many of his illusions. I presume that he no longer believes in the existence of a Union Party in the South, in the return of the South to the arms of the North in case of a foreign war; in his power to frighten the nations of Europe by great words; in the ease with which the U. S. could crush rebellion with one hand and chastise Europe with the other; in the notion that the relations with England in particular are safe playthings to be used for the amusement of the American people. He sees himself in a very painful dilemma.

Of Mr. Seward's famous reply Lord Newton writes: "The American reply arrived on December 27, in the shape of a note from Mr. Seward of the most portentous length, abounding in exuberant dialectics, but the gist of which was contained in the two following paragraphs:

"The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated.

"Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

Lord Newton then adds: "The question of peace or war had hung in the balance for weeks, but the victory was complete, and British diplomacy achieved a success which was not equalled until Fashoda supplied a somewhat similar case in 1897."

The next private dispatch of Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, dated December 27, is printed in full by Lord Newton. It has an historical interest. The British representative wrote as follows:

It is of course impossible for me to give an opinion upon the argumentation in Mr. Seward's voluminous note. Time barely admits of its being read and copied before the messenger goes. But as the four prisoners are given up, immediately and unconditionally, it is quite clear to my mind that you will not wish me to decide the question of peace or war without reference to you. A rupture of diplomatic relations, not followed by war, would be worse than war itself, for after that, nothing but actual hostilities would ever convince the Americans that there was any limit to our forbearance.

I hope, however, that the Note will, on further examination, be deemed sufficient. In that case it might not be unadvisable to give credit to Mr. Seward, in speaking to Mr. Adams, and the more so perhaps because Mr. Adams is, or at all events was, devoted to Mr. Seward and his policy. I cannot say that my general opinion of Mr. Seward has undergone any change; but without inquiring into his motives, I must allow him the merit of

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having worked very hard and exposed his popularity to very great danger.

I shall not be able to give you any information to-day as to the effect produced upon the public. Mr. Seward has begged me to keep the answer a secret until to-morrow. He intends to publish it in the newspapers here to-morrow, and has sent a copy to New York to be published simultaneously there. In the latter case it will be conveyed to the public in Europe, as well as to you, by the same packet which takes this letter. Mr. Seward told me he "had been through the fires of Tophet" in order to get the prisoners surrendered.

In this dispatch Lord Lyons further adds:

I think it very important, with a view to the preservation of peace, that advantage should be taken of the opportunity to put Canada into a state of defence; and indeed (as I said in a dispatch which I wrote in May last) to provide for the security of all our possessions on both sides of this Continent. While Canada, in particular, is apparently defenceless, the Americans will never believe that we contemplate the possibility of war. And it must never be forgotten that when they make peace with the South, they may have a large army to provide with employment, and an immense amount of popular dissatisfaction and humiliation to find a safety valve for.

Referring to the surrender of the two Confederate Commissioners, he says:

In any case I shall give a caution to the Commander of the ship which takes them, that they are not to be received with honours or treated otherwise than as distinguished *private* gentlemen.

Those who have not seen the Americans near, will probably be much more surprised than I am at the surrender of the prisoners. I was sure from the first that they would give in, if it were possible to convince them that war was really the only alternative. My difficulty has been to make them aware that it was surrender or war, without making such threats as would render the humiliation too great to be borne. This was the object of my confidential communications with Mr. Seward before I gave him your dispatch.

Writing of the details of this transfer, on December 31, Lord Lyons refers to the belief that it would occasion a popular outburst and disturbance at Boston. This belief prevailed so strongly that Russell, "Our Special Correspondent," wrote in his Diary under date of December 27:

I have resolved to go to Boston, being satisfied that a great popular excitement and uprising will, in all probability, take place on the discharge of the Commissioners from Fort Warren.

He then adds, as indicative of the intensity of the feeling prevailing:

Mr. Seward, apprehensive that some outrage would be offered by the populace to the prisoners and the British Flag, has asked Lord Lyons that the Southern Commissioners may be placed, as it were, surreptitiously in a United States boat, and carried to a small seaport in the State of Maine, where they are to be placed on board a British vessel as quietly as possible; and this exigent, imperious, tyrannical, insulting British Minister [Lord Lyons] has cheerfully acceded to the request.

Reaching New York on the 31st of December, Russell next made the following entry in his Diary:

To my great regret and surprise, however, I learned it would be impracticable to get to Fort Warren and see the prisoners before their surrender. My unpopularity, which had lost somewhat of its intensity, was revived by the exasperation against everything English occasioned by the firmness of Great Britain in demanding the Commissioners; and on New Year's Night, as I heard subsequently, Mr. Grinnell and other members of the New York Club were exposed to annoyance and insult, by some of their brother members, in consequence of inviting me to be their guest at the club.

Of this apprehension of some mob outbreak on occasion of the transfer of the Confederate Commissioners to the British flag, Lord Lyons wrote as follows:

I have a better opinion of the Boston mob than Mr. Seward has, and should have had very little fear of the prisoners being insulted, if I had taken them from Fort Warren directly on board a British man-of-war. I am not sorry however to spare the Bostonians (who are among the most friendly to us of the Americans) what they might consider a mortifying and humiliating spectacle. I have at Mr. Seward's request not made the name of the place at which the prisoners are to be transferred generally known. Indeed, I found that many people were going to Boston to be present on the occasion, and there is no advantage in having a crowd or a sensation about it.

Of Lord Lyons's handling of this most critical and important negotiation, his biographer says:

Congratulations now began to pour in upon him, and Lord Russell wrote that nothing could have been better than his conduct, and that his patience, forbearance, and friendly discretion had gone far to secure the favorable result obtained.

Referring to the whole course of proceedings at this time, Lord Newton further says:

Writing to Mr. Hammond [Lord Lyons] explained that he had resisted the temptation "to do something" "which always besets one when one is anxious about a matter"; and that from the first he had been convinced that the more quiet he kept the better would be the chance of the instructions from home producing their effect. To other correspondents he expressed the view that it was the British military preparations which had turned the scale in favour of peace. . . . But no one reading the *Trent* correspondence can fail to realize that the issue of peace or war depended to a great extent upon the method in which the British representative at Washington carried out his task, and that the slightest error in judgment on his part would have rendered the conflict inevitable.

In after years Lord Lyons frequently expressed the opinion that if there had then been telegraphic communication across the Atlantic it would have been impossible to avert war, and it is more than likely that he was correct, although it is improbable that many people realized it at the time . . . but the restraint which enabled Lord Lyons to refrain from saying a single word upon a question over which the whole population of the United States was buzzing for six or seven weeks was little else than an inspiration.

Books and Men

THE PESTILENT CATALOGUE.

Sylvestre Bonnard thought a catalogue the most interesting of books. "I do not know," he wrote, "any reading more easy, more fascinating, more delightful than that of a catalogue." His enthusiasm can be explained—one of the first entries he found in the catalogue he was reading ran like this:

La Légende Dorée de Jacques de Gênes (Jacques de Voragine);—traduction française, petit in-4.

This MS. of the fourteenth century contains, besides the tolerably complete translation of the celebrated work of Jacques de Voragine, 1. The Legends of Saints Ferréol, Ferrution, Germain, Vincent, and Droctoveus; 2. A poem *On the Miraculous Burial of Monsieur Saint-Germain of Auxerre.* . . .

This MS. is written upon vellum. It contains a great number of illuminated letters, and two finely executed miniatures, in a rather imperfect state of conservation: one represents the Purification of the Virgin, and the other the Coronation of Proserpine.

Coming to our own country, and looking at the fictitious creatures of Eugene Field, instead of those of Anatole France, it appears that Judge Methuen, who figures in "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," suffered from a disease called "catalogitis":

Judge Methuen has been a victim (a pleasant victim) to the catalogue habit for the last forty years, and he has declared that if all the catalogues sent to and read by him in that space of time were gathered together in a heap they would make a pile bigger than Pike's Peak, and a thousandfold more interesting. I myself have been a famous reader of catalogues, and I can testify that the habit has possessed me of remarkable delusions, the most conspicuous of which is that which produces within me the conviction that a book is as good as mine as soon as I have met with its title in a catalogue and set an X over against it in pencil.

But this is, so to speak, a land of faery, in which librarians permit neither themselves nor anybody else to wander. These catalogues fire the imagination, they speak of golden manuscripts, of rare and curious books, they themselves partake of the nature of literature. To many poor drudges, however, a catalogue means nothing but that hideous invention, that ghastly row upon row of cases, filled with score after score of little drawers, known as a card catalogue.

When card catalogues began to spread over the land, twenty or twenty-five years ago, it was thought that the world's great age began anew—bibliographically speaking. It was the last word in the art of cataloguing books. And so librarians pitched in and built these monuments. The catalogues began to grow. The prediction made early in the game, that the day would come when the catalogues of the Boston Public Library and of the Harvard Library would meet on the Harvard Bridge, seemed likely to be fulfilled. Like the animals in Mr. H. G. Wells's story, the wasps became the size of crows,

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and rats grew as big as wolves, and people wondered what might occur if a few elephants took some of the magic food. Things that were merely grotesque and amusing became fairly serious.

Now, the gigantic period has been reached, and one feels that even the makers of catalogues have their occasional secret qualms. To walk from the letter A to the letter S in the catalogue of a large library is something which one does, on a warm day, only when duty drives. Probably those who associate daily with these preposterous and titanic creations fail to realize what has happened. Outsiders, even librarians, are certainly impressed. "I can assure you," an English librarian wrote recently, "that the catalogue-room of the New York Public Library is an awe-inspiring sight."

The latest authority on this subject, Mr. William Warner Bishop, does not seem to hold out much hope. His book, "Practical Handbook of Modern Library Cataloguing" (Williams & Wilkins Co.), is a succinct statement of things as they are, by a man who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Bishop is superintendent of the Library of Congress reading-room. It appears, from this book, that library catalogues had better be on cards, and that they are apt to keep on growing. Even the dictionary form, almost everywhere considered the simplest, cannot be easy to consult after it passes a certain size.

"It is too much," the author writes, "to expect that because the dictionary form of arrangement is comparatively simple, it will of itself be intelligible to untrained persons." Now, "untrained persons" does not mean uneducated persons—it means those who have not studied cataloguing as a science, or an art, whichever it is. So there must be, Mr. Bishop suggests, attendants to aid and instruct the uninitiated in the use of the catalogue. Such assistants, by the way, have been suggested in other places, and in some libraries may be already at work.

Really, with catalogues growing to an absurdly colossal size, and requiring, even in their simplest forms, interpreters to make them clear to anybody but a specialist, it is not unfair to think that cataloguing has entered a blind alley. That catalogues are evils, hardly any one will deny; that they are necessary evils, most librarians will maintain. The most illuminating comment upon them is that chief librarians usually avoid them as if they were full of bacilli. They know far too much to endanger their dispositions by trying to consult them.

Comments of this sort are usually disposed of on the ground that they are "destructive" criticism. Catalogues are getting too large, and partly for that reason too hard to consult. But I have no method to suggest whereby they may be kept smaller—no method, that is, not involving the use of explosives.

Something could be done, however, to liberate many unfortunate cataloguers, and spare the feelings of other unlucky persons who have to consult their work. This would consist in shortening and simplifying the legend which is printed upon the cards issued by the Library of Congress and the libraries which follow its methods. An absolutely unnecessary amount of detail is usually given there, for no discoverable reason except the possible gratification of a few expert bibliographers. This and certain irritating practices in regard to authors' names are customs which might be abolished with advantage.

A typical example of the treatment of authors' names in many catalogues is afforded by the cards in the Library of Congress for the books by the Indian poet who recently won the Nobel Prize. Any one would, of course, look for him under Tagore, Rabindranath. He authorizes that spelling of his name in his books; members of his family are entered under Tagore in "Who's Who." But the cataloguers know better. They have a little system of their own, and with rare tact and modesty they tell you blandly to look for the poet's works in quite another part of the catalogue, under the letter R—Ravindranatha Thakura.

It is these little Jack Hornerisms which have made card catalogues justly so popular and beloved, and given librarians a reputation for scholarship unmarred by suspicion of pedantry.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

"POET LAUREATE AND HISTORIOGRAPHER ROYAL."

In the letters patent of August 18, 1670, John Dryden receives the joint appointment of "Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal." To the former office he had been appointed two years before, immediately after the death of Davenant.* The latter office, which had been vacant since the death of James Howell in 1666, is now combined with the Laureateship, and Dryden becomes entitled to the revenue from both—£100 from the one, £200 from the other. The conjunction of these two offices, "how hardlie soever those two faculties meet in the same person" (as Speed said in 1611 of similar conjunction in the case of Bernard Andreas), seems to have occasioned no remark among the biographers of Dryden; but it is, none the less, a rather curious and interesting bit of literary history.

The precedent for combining them is, in a sense, coeval with the Laureateship itself; for the diploma presented by Orso to Petrarch, when the poet was crowned Laureate in Rome, testifies "to his excellence in the arts of poetry and history" ("Petrarch, His Life and Times," Hollway-Calthorp, London, 1907, p. 99). There was, however, a more precise precedent in England itself in the person of Bernard Andreas, the Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal to Henry VII and Henry VIII. Andreas, who was a blind Augustinian friar, a native of Toulouse, accompanied his royal master to England, and celebrated not only Henry VII's but also Henry VIII's achievements in a series of poems, a *Vita* of Henry VII and a number of Annals contributed in fulfilment of the duties of his office. In a patent issued only a year after Henry VII's accession, granting Andreas a pension of ten marks a year, the poet is described by his full title of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal (Rymer's "Fœdera," XII, p. 317); and the title of his Life of Henry VII reads: "Bernardi Andreae Tholosatis | Poetae Laureati, Regii Historiographi | De Vita atque Gestis | Henrici Septimi | Angliae ac Franciae Regum Potentissimi Sapientissimique | Historia."

The patent quoted in the "Fœdera" has, of course, not passed unnoticed. John Speed in his "History of Britain" (London, 1611, p. 728) comments at some length on Andreas. Warton mentions his joint offices in the "History of English Poetry" (ed. Hazlitt, III, p. 128); and later historians have referred to him; but the works of Andreas, which are altogether in Latin and French, have apparently remained a sealed book to students of literature, although the Augustinian's works were edited by James Gairdner in 1858 in a volume entitled "Memorials of the Reign of Henry the Seventh."

With these works, and their connection with the subsequent establishment of the office of Poet Laureate I shall deal in a later article. It is sufficient in this note to point out that Andreas not only held both offices, but was also frequent in the expression of his sense of obligation to fulfil the duties pertaining to them.

With the death of Andreas (c. 1525) the Laureateship lapsed. Henry VIII was not such a patron of the arts as his predecessor, and had more strenuous matters on his mind than laureates. With the circumstances leading up to the official rehabilitation of the Laureateship, I shall deal elsewhere. As to the office of Historiographer Royal, there are some curious problems which can be noted in briefer compass.

In Dryden's patent, already referred to, the poet is appointed "our Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal" with "all the rights . . . thereunto belonging as fully and amply as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, Knight, Sir John Gower, Knight, John Leland, Esq., Benjamin Johnson, Esq., James Howell, Esq., Sir William Davenant, Knight, or any other person or persons having or exercising the place or employment of Poet Laureate or Historiographer, or either of them, in the time of any of our royal progenitors." In this obviously mixed and inaccurate catalogue, Leland and Howell are of course the Historiographers. The former was made "Library Keeper"* by Henry VIII some time before 1530 and, in 1533, "King's Antiquary." The precise title of "Historiographer Royal" he does not seem to have had; but he not only fulfilled the duties of "King's Antiquary" with conspicuous zeal, but kept up the traditional connection of historiographer and poet, for he wrote (with Udall) "verses and ditties" at the Coronation of Anne Boleyn, and also composed a Latin poem on the birth of Edward VI.

Whether Leland had an immediate successor, I am unable to ascertain; but there is a record in Nicholl's "Progresses of King James" (Vol. III, p. 136), among the "Free Gifts in the Thir-

*See note by the same author in the *Nation* of June 17.

*One of Andreas's appointments was as "Keeper of the King's Library" (Gairdner, Memorials, p. xii, quoting Crusenius in Monastico Augustiniano, p. 192).

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teenth year of the King's Reign," of a gift of two hundred pounds (precisely the amount, be it noticed, that was subsequently paid to the Historiographers Royal) to a certain "Thos. Dempster, Historiographer"; and that Dempster was definitely offered the post is confirmed by his Autobiography and other contemporary authorities (D. N. B. XIV, 337).

James Howell, however, in spite of Andreas, Leland, and Dempster, flattered himself that he was the first Historiographer Royal. He had been a sort of "royal intelligencer" to Charles I, and after the Restoration returned to the allegiance and became an assiduous applicant for office. Failing in his effort to be made Clerk of the Council, and being equally unsuccessful in his petition for appointment as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Trade, he urged that "among the prudentst and best policed nations there is a minister of state qualified and appointed with the title of Historiographer Generall" ("The Familiar Letters of James Howell," ed. Jacobs, London, 1892, Vol. II, p. 687). In this petition he was successful and was duly appointed, Feb., 1661, with a grant of two hundred pounds as "His Majesty's free gift." His epitaph, about the wording of which Howell seems to have been much concerned, reads: "Jacobus Howell | Cambro Britannus | Regius Historiographus | In Anglia Primus* | Qui post varias Perigranaciones | Tandem naturae cursumperegit | Satur Annorum & Famae | Domi Forisq. | Huc usq. erraticus | Heic Fixus 1666" (Letters, Vol. II, p. xlix).

Four years after Howell's death, the office of Historiographer was, as has already been noted, conferred upon Dryden. At the revolution of 1688, when Dryden lost both offices, it is, I believe, universally stated that the Laureateship and the post of Historiographer were at once passed on to Shadwell; but it would seem that the offices were again divided, the Laureateship going forthwith to Shadwell, and the office of Historiographer being conferred upon a certain Robert Plot. Besides Wood's Athenae (ed. Bliss, IV, 772+) the principal source of information about Plot is a brief biography, prefixed to the second edition of Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire," London, 1795. The article on Plot in the "Dictionary of National Biography" by Thomas Seccombe incorrectly ascribes this biography to Plot's stepson, John Burman. It is, however, by Plot's assistant and successor at the Ashmolean, Edward Lhuyd (see the Publisher to the Reader, in the 1705 edition of the Natural History).

Robert Plot was first professor of chemistry at Oxford and the first keeper of the Ashmolean, having been chosen in 1683 by the donor, Elias Ashmole. In 1687 the title of secretary to the Court of Honour was conferred upon him by Henry, Duke of Norfolk, and in 1688 he was appointed Historiographer Royal to James II. So, at least, says his biographer, who adds that upon his death, in 1696, the following inscription was placed upon his tomb (at Borden in Kent): "In Academia Oxoniensi | Primus Chymiae Professor | . . . Regi Jacobo Secundo Historiographus."

The only difficulty in all this is that in the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1691-2, there is a warrant dated December 8 and addressed "to the Attorney or Solicitor-General to prepare a bill constituting Thomas Rymer, Esq., Historiographer Royal in the place of Thomas Shadwell, deceased, with the salary of £200 per annum, payable quarterly, out of the Exchequer, to commence from Michaelmas last past."

Resolve it who can! Either the King had two Historiographers Royal, or Plot was deprived of the office before his death, and it was given to Shadwell, or Plot was never appointed.

At any rate, the two offices were again divided at Shadwell's death, the post of Historiographer going to Rymer, and the Laureateship (the warrant for which was issued on the same day—December 8) going to Nahum Tate.

Rymer at least was the only Historiographer Royal of any distinction, since Andreas had held the post two hundred years before (I except Leland, whose position was anomalous). The "Fœdera," inaccurate as it has been accused of being, is a magnificent monument of industry and erudition. And Rymer, curiously enough, again continued the traditional union of history and poetry by being both poet and dramatist (though, *pace* Dennis and Addison, very bad as such).

After Rymer's death, there seems to have been a fairly continuous succession of Historiographers Royal, though the office was to wait another hundred years before it was again to be associated with imaginative literature. The salary remained at two hundred pounds, and at the close of the reign of Queen Anne fell, along with the Laureateship, and, at a somewhat later period, the Inspectorship of Plays, into the gift of the Lord Chamberlain. The official family of the Lord Chamberlain in the eighteenth century (take, for example, the official list as it is recorded in the British Almanac for 1759) is a strange menagerie. Along with the Master of the Revels, Solomon Dayrolle, salary, £200; Poet Laureate, C. Cibber (£100); Historiographer Royal, Jenkin Phillips (£200); Inspector of Plays, W. Chetwynd (£400), are "Pages of the Back Stairs," "Operator Teeth," "Ratkiller" (£48 3s. 4d); "Barber" (£170); "Moletaker," "Pinmaker," "Distiller of Milk-water," and other reverend functionaries too numerous to mention.

By 1779 the moletaker, the distiller of milk-water (had professional dairies been started by then?), and most of the other oddities have vanished. But the barber has become a "Principal Barber," with an "Assistant Hair-Dresser," and has moved up; and the literary group, with their titles and salaries unchanged, and their number increased by an "Embellisher of Letters to Foreign Princes," have slipped gently down to the end of the list. Was this George II's fault, one wonders, or was it Colley Cibber's? Or was it, perhaps, no more than the whimsicality of chance?

It has already been hinted that the post of Historiographer Royal, held at one time by Glorious John Dryden, was to come again into association with literature. The last Historiographer Royal of whom I can find any record is no less than—G. P. R. James, indefatigable novelist, zealous historian, author of the lives of various British sovereigns, editor of the "Letters of William the Third" (it was William the Fourth who appointed him)—and even poet, too. For did he not write a five-act drama, a fairy play, and a poem called "The Ruined City"?

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

*Wood also declared (Athenæ, II, 265) that Howell was "the first in England that bore that title."

Correspondence

STIRRING UP RACE HATRED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To Senator B. R. Tillman few students of American politics would look for calm or reassuring words concerning the relation of whites and negroes. Yet, in a statement published in all the large South Carolina papers the other day, discussing the political condition of this State during the "reconstruction period," Senator Tillman is thus quoted:

> Gov. Blease and Mr. Fortner are howling about the negroes having white teachers and the danger to our civilization from that source. I am inclined to believe the Southern people made a great mistake when they did not take charge of the negroes' education and put them all under white teachers instead of colored teachers.

Coming from such a source, this statement deserves careful consideration by the white constituents of Senator Tillman, to whom it is addressed.

To stir up race hatred in the effort to gain office is a familiar practice with Gov. Blease and his friends. One of them, a State Senator running for Congressman, is accredited with these remarks by the correspondent of the Charleston *News and Courier:*

> He promised if elected that he would throw every "nigger" mail carrier in the State out of his job and give it to some white man.
> "If he stands the civil service examination, how are you going to cut him off?" a member of the audience wanted to know.
> "I'll do it somehow," replied the speaker.

I have heard Gov. Blease make practically the same promise in his campaign for United States Senator, with the additional promise to turn out all the Republican postmasters and put "Bleaseites" in their places.

Much of this buncombe is promptly forgotten after election day, but the danger is that race antagonism, once stirred up, may result in concrete action disastrous in its consequences to both white and colored people. More than one lynching party, it is to be feared, has been roused to fury by the talk of candidates for office, and a lynching leaves its stain on the community years after the victim of the lynchers has been cut down and buried. Yet a whole citizenship is not to be judged by the rash language of political campaigners. The same county which has sent Blease's friend, Fortner, to the Legislature, has again and again in the past fifteen years given exhibition of the supremacy of the law over attempted violations of it. In the last attempt of this kind, when a respectable white married woman told a horrible story of assault upon her, and identified as the perpetrator a negro who was known to be in that neighborhood at the time, a lawless mob not only demanded of the Sheriff his prisoner, but used dynamite to blow down the gate to the county jail yard. Yet a few determined officials, properly armed, defied the mob and spirited the prisoner away. Later, trial of the case convinced a white jury that the woman was acting under hallucination and that no crime had been committed. Hence the negro was acquitted, and several white men are now under indictment for dynamiting. Color-blind justice is not unknown in South Carolina.

While men of the Blease party are pouring out their wrath upon inoffensive negro mail-carriers, a curious instance of business relationship between the two races exists in a cer-

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tain town near Charleston. Here the leadi dry goods and millinery store, situated on the main business thoroughfare, next door to the post office, and patronized by white ladies of the highest social standing, is owned and managed by a negro, who, of course, employs only negro clerks. To account for this condition would require the telling of a long story, but it is mainly attributable to business tact combined with lack of social ambition on the proprietor's part. Yet that town is one of the largest in the Congressional district of the State Senator quoted above. Will he try to put the dry goods merchant out of business?

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Spartanburg, S. C., July 14.

THE COLOMBIAN TREATY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the editorial, "Roosevelt and Wilson," in your issue of July 9, it seems to me that you, in common with most other writers on the subject of the proposed Colombian treaty, overlook what appears to me to be the most important factor in the entire question. Between December, 1860, and May, 1861, eleven of our Southern States seceded from the Union. The United States Government, under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, took up arms against the seceders, calling them "rebels," and a war lasting four years was the result. At the same time our Government used every effort in its power to prevent the Governments of European nations from acknowledging the independence of the so-called "Confederacy." Some forty years later, when the shoe was on the other foot and it suited the club-swinging disposition of another President to do so, we acted towards the secessionists, in another friendly republic, in exactly the manner which we had formerly objected to England, France, and Russia assuming towards *our* secessionists.

By so doing have we not reversed our policy, and prepared the way for Japan, for instance, to acknowledge the independence of the Philippines or Hawaii? To me, it seems perfectly plain that Mr. Wilson is endeavoring to steer our ship of state back to the course set for it in Lincoln's time and that Col. Roosevelt was the ignorant pilot who steered it off its course and into uncharted waters.

JAMES B. LATIMER.

Chicago, July 11.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his answer to Professor Sparrow, Professor Firkins has made a show of victory and would seem to have withdrawn from the debate under his own steam. And yet no one with a first-hand knowledge of the honor system will be misled by this subtle doctor. Following the line of his dialectic, one might discredit many things; for example, the sacrament of marriage and the scheme of salvation. Does not a woman pay too high for her happiness when to obtain it she barters her obedience for worldly goods, instead of seeking—to adapt a phrase of Professor Firkins—all the benefits of unharnessed spirituality? And should not priests out of harness exhort to righteousness though the heavens fall, instead of holding out a promise of future rewards? Yes, indeed, if to the happy couple and the devout Christian the Church is no better than a marketplace and its articles of faith and ritual but terms of a contract. But to them, we suspect, as to the advocates of the honor system, there has come some gleam of the spirit of the laws.

And it is the spirit of the honor system that Professor Firkins's ingenuity has been unable to evoke from the body of its practice. As the initiated know, that spirit is one of mutual trust and esteem—a corporate, community spirit which has nothing to do with bargaining between man and man; and the pledge is not a mere detail of college polity, but a formula of faith, a badge of distinction, a point on which centres the sentiment and loyalty of the students who sign it, and from which radiates an idealism that has given tone and distinction to the undergraduate life of Virginia and Princeton. Those who dislike surveillance during examinations Professor Firkins refers to "the police officer at the corner of the block," who has indeed become a very familiar figure in discussions of the honor system. But surely this is a melancholy analogue, if one hopes for a more comely ideal within college walls than can well obtain in the world at large.

At least where undergraduate responsibility reduces itself to the simple formula, "Support the team," do we not need a properly conceived and celebrated ideal of conduct? The honor system is defensible if it has done no more than to call order out of chaos.

H. S. V. JONES.

University of Illinois, June 25.

PERSIAN INFLUENCE IN THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subject of Persian theology is mentioned in every theological seminary in the United States from Maine to Texas. That it is so often merely glanced at, with twisted vision, is probably due more to the alarm of conservatives than to any culpable carelessness. Yet it is a pity that such thoroughgoing institutions should fail utterly to see the most portentous facts in our Christian religious history—for some of the most radically "converted" of our young men have been *assisted* rather than hindered by looking at such crucial truths, having been actually tortured by the assertion that the Divine Power exercised a saving influence only upon a handful of people in a strip of land between the Jordan and the sea.

Surely, it can be said that the Persian intervention saved the Jewish nationality, with all that hung upon the restoration of the Jewish temple service. The Jews were Persian for well-nigh two centuries, while the larger mass of them remained in Persian Babylon. The epochs of Bible history are marked by the Persian reigns. Over a hundred words in the Hebrew Bible have been traced to a Persian origin, with that memorable word "Paradise" in the Greek New Testament recorded of our Lord at His latest moment. "Inspiration" is positively attributed to Cyrus in Chronicles and Ezra, while Avestic lore exerted enormous influence upon the exilic pre-Christian theology.

The very dualism seems reproduced in the New Testament expression where Satan, a pale shade of the Persian Angra Mainyu, is called the "God of this world." The theological seminaries pass lightly over the phenomenon of the Amshaspands (sic), leaving the impression that they were feathered cherubs rather than the sublimest creations of pious reason—as the attributes of God, only later personified. Avesta is historically the first document of personal religion "as to thought, word, and deed"; its Heaven is that. Surely it is a prime offence in gifted Americans to attempt to explain the Bible without the religion of the man who alone, under God, made the Bible possible.

L. H. MILLS,
Professor of Zend (Avesta) Philology.

Oxford, England, July 1.

THE EARLY WORKS OF LEONARDO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A brief notice of Brown and Rankin's "A Short History of Italian Painting," in the *Nation* of July 2, suggests that the authors' views of Andrea and Nardo Cione (Orcagna and his less famous brother) and of Leonardo da Vinci's early works might have been modified by a fuller use of recent discoveries. As one of the authors of the book, I accept this criticism as just in regard to Andrea and Nardo Cione, but on the more important issue of the early works of Leonardo, the recognition of which often depends upon connoisseurship unsupported by external evidence, you will perhaps allow me to say that I have discussed the matter of Leonardo's conjectural early works with positive arguments from internal evidence in the columns of the *Nation* on several occasions, taking a position at the time which was rather heterodox—as in the denial to Verrocchio of any share in the actual execution of certain paintings disputed between him and his famous pupil.

It is now a little more orthodox to believe in an early and long unrecognized Leonardo and to disbelieve in Verrocchio as a painter; and, so far as I am concerned in the little handbook on Italian painting, I have tried to explain clearly and briefly for the public that the rehabilitation of Leonardo's youth as an artist has been due to the connoisseurship of men like Baron von Liphardt, Geymüller, Bode, and others—as even Ruskin—of more faith perhaps than exact science; and to show how it was so by a positive analysis of the works in typical instances. I do not think that recent discoveries especially affect our opinions—or my opinions—one way or the other, although I admit a lack of acquaintance with one important new discovery, that of the "Benois Madonna" at St. Petersburg, conjecturally attributed to Leonardo and to the period of his well-known "Madonna" sketches, probably of about 1478-80.

So far as I can follow the recent development of Leonardo studies there are considerable contributions to the working out of his formal development in certain special fields, but as yet no systematic and complete analysis of his form as an organic whole, no adequate critical discussion of the artist in relation to his tradition and the modifications introduced by his genius. It is upon such a general analysis—begun by such studies as Müller-Walde's, under the handicap indeed of deficient critical judgment as to questions of authenticity—that the final determination of special problems in the internal evidence must be based. Needless to say such an analysis cannot be made by the ordinary art historian or by any academic specialist's method of morphological rule of thumb. It awaits the advent of the critic who can read the formal language of art in its universal and

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permanent characters, and who can thus complete the work begun by the pioneer analysis, in a somewhat, yet not entirely, external way, by the greatest of modern connoisseurs, W. Bode, and indirectly aided by the rival and complementary effort of B. Berenson, both men of art faith as well as art science.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Roselle Park, N. J., July 6.

ORIGIN OF THE CLOSED COUPLET IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Tatlock's article in the *Nation* of April 9, entitled "Origin of the Closed Couplet in English," properly emphasizes the influence of the Ovidian couplet, or elegiac distich. The question, however, as to what English poet first extensively handled the new tool or form is more uncertain. Joseph Hall (born 1574), later bishop, published in 1597 six books of satires, *Virgidemiarum*, so-called. In the prologue he wrote,

> *I first adventure, follow me who list,*
> And be the second English satirist.

This couplet he followed with many others, all in the "chicken-coop" style of the later classical couplet and in the satirical tone. The occasional triplet later found in Dryden appears in Hall, as well as the usual verse-pauses and the antitheses and balance. Of his work in general, except for the lack of the usual sharp bite, a few couplets from the first satire of the first book give fair sample:

> Nor ladies wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
> Legend I out in rhymes all richly dight;
> *Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt*
> Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt,
> Nor lift I sonnet of my mistress' face,
> To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace.

Those verses give little idea of the acidity of Hall's satire or of the range of object* satirized. They include, nevertheless, a reference to Marlowe (killed in 1593). In 1596 Marlowe's translation into closed couplets of Ovid's elegiac "Amores" was published. The strong evidence of comparative metrical facility places the translation largely before the "Tamburlaine" (the date for which is now considered 1587-8)—that is, during the time that Marlowe was at Cambridge. He received there his B.A. in 1583-4 and his M.A. in 1587. Briefly, from this collocation of dates, it would seem that the couplet closed from the influence of Ovid came earlier than Professor Tatlock suggested.

Furthermore, the full-fledged classical satire in closed couplets, original in material, appeared from Hall in 1597, and was apparently written somewhat earlier, while the author was at Cambridge. He went to Cambridge in 1589 and became a fellow in 1595. His claim as the first English satirist can hardly be allowed, for authors who followed even classical models had preceded him. But the combination of purpose, substance, and versification was apparently original, and the success warranted the praise of Pope.

To Marlowe and to Hall, therefore, as well as to Heywood and Drayton, we should look for the first good examples in English of sustained classical heroic couplet as distinguished from the romantic heroic couplet.

E. C. KNOWLTON.

Easton, Pa., July 5.

*Characters, customs, laws, popery, individuals, and so on.

Literature

THE ART OF WARFARE.

The Principles of War, Historically Illustrated. By Major-Gen. E. A. Altham, C.B., C.M.G. Volume I, with map in a separate volume. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Whenever a German officer writes a book of commanding importance on war, we at once recognize that he writes, as it were, from a business point of view. That is, the Germans expect to fight the French, have to keep an eye on Russia, are particularly interested in the future of Austria, and are a bit nervous over the Balkans. But when we cross the Channel, we mark a difference. Broadly speaking, English military books are, or have been, either historical, recording the past glories of British arms, or academic, of general application, or else feeble reflections of Continental theories and doctrines. Gen. Altham's book falls under none of these heads; it is frankly one of preparation for war. No enemy is mentioned, no indication given of an approaching or even of a possible conflict, but none the less it is a fair deduction from its atmosphere that its author is skeptical of a future of unclouded peace.

He has used as headings of his most important chapters certain extracts from the British Field Service Regulations, and then drives home the principles therein stated or implied, by a discussion based chiefly on the important wars of the last half century or so; wherever possible, he closes his discussion by an analysis of the latest of these, the Russo-Japanese. Indeed, his admiration of the daring skill of the Japanese seems to know no bounds. This appeal to history, however professional, is conditioned by the author's purpose of preparing his brother officers for future wars, a purpose recognized by Gen. Smith-Dorrien in the somewhat inadequate introduction he has furnished the book. The author's point of view has an interest for us, in that, other things being equal, England's military problems are our problems here in the United States, and because just as England has in the past somehow or other muddled her way through, so have we. But here similarity stops: England's days of muddling are probably over, ours certainly are not. For England learned a sharp, if not a humiliating, lesson in the Boer War, and has since so well set her military house in order as to call forth from the French Staff the declaration that the British army is to-day one of the best in the world.

This improvement is reflected in the tone of Gen. Altham's book; it is as though an atmosphere of quiet confidence prevailed, an assurance that whatsoever might be the record of the past, the British army hereafter could be counted on to do its duty in conformity with the principles of the art. And as related to this aspect of the case, we may note the freshness and earnestness of the author's style, qualities somewhat unusual in a military textbook.

Gen. Altham devotes his first chapter to the Factors of Success in War. This is declared, and correctly enough, to depend more on moral than on physical qualities. Here is food for reflection in our own situation. Of moral qualities we assuredly have our share; whether we shall continue to have them, does not immediately concern us. But moral qualities alone may not suffice; modern wars are short, and we may not be allowed to show of what really good stuff we are made. To put the matter in another way, our possible adversary—we have absolutely none in mind—may be equally good under this head, but better prepared and better led, and it should not be forgotten by us that it takes two to keep the peace as well as two to fight. Does this mean for us an enormous army and navy, a swollen military budget? No; but it does mean that certain possibilities should never be lost from view by our responsible statesmen, that our national existence may not depend wholly on mere materialism or pure altruism, on huge crops of corn or of cotton, or on universal education. It does mean some idea, nation-wide, of discipline, some notion of self-sacrifice. To show how valuable, purely as by-products, the development of these qualities would prove to our undisciplined, turbulent nation is foreign to our present purpose.

The next chapter, The Characteristics of Fighting Troops, strangely enough, is given over almost entirely to cavalry and to "other mounted troops," by which are meant in this text mounted infantry and cyclists. This odd limitation is, of course, later compensated by a full discussion of the other arms, including a new one, the Royal Flying Corps. There is a chapter on machine guns and one on engineers, chiefly Royal; the remainder of the book treats of communications, intercommunication and orders, movements by land and sea, billets and bivouacs. The author touches briefly upon certain mechanical aids that will surely have an influence on future conflicts, such as wireless telegraphy, motor transports, and aviation, all of which are awaiting the coördinating experience of actual conflict, and has but little to say of heavy field artillery, the necessity of which in modern armies is one of the striking deductions of the Balkan War. What he says, however, is to the point.

Naturally, the professional reader will turn with the greatest interest to the chapters dealing with the three great arms. We may get on without aircraft, motor transports, and the like, but if we are to fight battles we must have infantry, artillery, and cavalry. In his treatment of these subjects, the author is sound. So far as cavalry is concerned, he contents himself, to be sure, with quotations rather than with the expressions of any original views on the mooted question of type. He leans, however, to the view prevailing in this country, and his statement of facts in respect of the achievement of this arm in the Civil War justifies the opinion that we must seek in that war

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the first examples of its proper use in modern times. However this may be, and bearing in mind the remark attributed to Von Moltke, that our Civil War was nothing but a contest between two armed mobs, it is not disagreeable to us to read that the Prussians in 1866 might have avoided certain errors in the employment of their cavalry and artillery "had the experiences of the Civil War in America been more carefully studied" (p. 121), and later, more strongly yet (p. 124), "if the teaching of the American war was ignored and perhaps unknown to the Prussian General Staff, the lesson of 1866, etc."

The correct employment of artillery in relation to its sister arm of the infantry is so well put that we cannot forbear to quote the passage:

> What the infantry soldier needs is accurate artillery fire to keep down the heads of the hostile infantry until the trenches can be reached with the bayonet. The proximity or otherwise of his own guns is immaterial to the attacking foot soldier, provided their fire is accurate and maintained up to the last moment before the assault. It is no encouragement to the infantry soldier to see his own guns silenced alongside him and their personnel destroyed. What, therefore, is required of the artillery commander is not to accompany the infantry with his guns, but with the fire of his guns.

To infantry, the author devotes over one hundred pages, in the course of which he traces the evolution of methods of combat from Napoleon's campaigns through the Russo-Japanese War. Of our own war, he asserts "that a close study of the prolonged struggle . . . will prove somewhat of a disappointment to the seeker after novelties in infantry tactics." The answer to this remark is, of course, obvious. He admits Henderson's statement that "the germ of the great extension of the modern infantry fights" may be found in our great war, but adds that it was "not more than a germ," upon which a good deal might be said. But his main argument is drawn from the experiences of 1870-71 and of 1904-5, and he concludes that "the long duration of modern battles, the increasing frequency of night operations, involving continuous spells of night and day marching and fighting and the increasing importance of mobility in strategical and tactical combinations, have all enhanced the necessity for the thorough training of the infantry soldier 'to fit him mentally and physically to do his duty in war.'"

We must contest the statement (p. 129) that "the South African campaign was the first test of warfare under the new conditions of smokeless powder and magazine rifles." At Santiago both our infantry and that of the Spaniards were armed with a magazine rifle using smokeless powder. The expression "staffing" (p. 238) for staff work is wholly new to us. Stonewall Jackson appears on page 7 as J. Jackson (which earns him two separate entries in the index); Lee as Robert Lee, and Stuart as J. B. Stuart, and so in the index. We cannot account for the statement that it was the Persian light horse which "inflicted disaster on the Roman legions at Cannæ." On map 4 (Sha-Ho) the second division, Oku's army, should be the third. Trantenau is given in the index as Frantenau, and does not reappear in its proper place. The index is fair, and the maps are collected in a separate volume. The text is well printed and presents a handsome appearance in its khaki covers and blood-red edges. *Absit omen!*

CURRENT FICTION.

The Victim. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"A romance of the real Jefferson Davis" this book calls itself, and in a prefatory note the author states, without qualification, that in its pages he has drawn the real character of the President of the Confederacy, "unobscured by passion or prejudice." This is a fine show of impartiality, but the result is a picture of a human being who is too nearly perfect for acceptance by any one not a blind worshipper of him. If Davis made any mistakes, Mr. Dixon never heard of them—with one exception: "On February 22, 1862, Jefferson Davis committed the one irretrievable mistake of his Administration. He consented to his inauguration as permanent President of the Confederacy under the strict forms of constitutional law. . . . A military dictator clothed with autocratic power could have subdued the discordant elements and marshalled the resources of the country to meet the crisis." But usually his hero is everything a hero should be, except omnipotent. Lee is altogether secondary. One finds at the last, somewhat to one's astonishment, that with President Davis in the chair the Confederacy could fall. But not everybody in high place was perfect. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is termed a "sulking old man" and "the great retreater." Beauregard is "the little fiery, impulsive, boastful South Carolinian." For the rest, the book is much like its predecessors, having less venom, however, owing to the absence of the carpetbagger and the free and enfranchised negro. Barring its partisanship, it presents a vivid and truthful picture of war days in the South, particularly at Richmond.

Gay Morning. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Readers who recall "Down Our Street" and "A Bachelor's Comedy," and who enjoy that sort of mildly humorous idyl, will find here something of the same kind, but not so good. Mrs. Buckrose, who in the earlier stories seemed to have caught and conveyed certain fresh types of village character, here too obviously appears in the rôle of determined entertainer. "Come," she appears to be saying, "I am now about to be amusing again." Bassett *père* is head of a small egg-importing business, from which he returns every night, tired but complacent, to his suburban villa, his Ma Bassett, and his Emma. Emma is engaged to a worthy young man who is "in with" Mr. Bassett. Then comes the legacy of a fortune from a distant relative. The villa is left for an estate; Bassett retires to be a country gentleman; there is actually something of a rise in the social scale. A Sir Matthew falls in love with Emma. Her betrothed is entangled by a designing sibyl, a sort of Blanche Amory. Neither of the engaged pair has ever really cared for the other in the way of marriage, but both consider themselves held to the arrangement by "honor." Of course, Emma loves Sir Matthew. The question is simply how much manœuvring and misunderstanding shall take place before they come to terms. Meanwhile, old Bassett, missing the activities of the egg business, has turned his idle hands to speculation, while Ma Bassett, in the physical inertia exacted of wealth, has grown fat and unhappy. Bassett throws away the fortune, and we leave him buckling contentedly to eggs once more, with Ma Bassett waiting and working for him in the recovered villa, and Emma comfortably bound to Sir Matthew. If the whole thing were at once more spontaneous and more restrained, it would be delightful.

Hunt the Slipper. By Oliver Madox Hueffer. New York: John Lane Co.

Some of the success of Mr. Hueffer's novel is due to the unusual method he has adopted in the telling of his story. The book is divided into a series of "narratives," each contributed by one of the principal characters, and thus we get the events of the story from different angles. The captious critic might declare that this was rather a lazy device for eluding the problems of characterization, but Mr. Hueffer has provided us with a good deal of amusement, and we are in no mood to be captious. The story concerns a dear old English gentleman and a suddenly discovered granddaughter, and the hunting of the slipper is the search for the granddaughter in the United States of America. The plot is flimsy, but is ingeniously worked out. Mr. Hueffer obviously draws largely on his own experiences in describing scenes and adventures in New York, and not the least amusing portions of the narrative are his sly digs at various foibles in the American character which often strike our English visitors. One of his characters has been so unfortunate as to get into jail on a charge of murder, and it is, of course, necessary to get him out. Two influential friends, we read, "had decided between them that it would be better not to go into the question whether he was guilty or innocent, because, if he was innocent, he would probably get rather a heavier sentence than if he wasn't. So they had merely inquired what were the prevalent rates for aquitals (*sic*), with or without a stain on your character; they were rather high, because of the police scandal and the coming Presidential election."

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Curing Christopher. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. New York: John Lane Co.

Here is a moral story about a young man called Christopher, who, disregarding the accumulated wisdom of the ages, played with fire and burnt his fingers. The lady in the case was Lebah, a young person of easy manners, but, we are led to suppose, impeccable morals. Now, Christopher had everything that ought to make a good young man happy: a position in the city, a home in a London suburb, a doting wife—one of those sweet little women who in later life, one feels sure, will develop a tendency towards *embonpoint*—and at least two olive branches. Yet in spite of all these things, while his wife and family were recuperating from whooping-cough by the sea, Christopher must go and mix himself up in a flirtation with the engaging Lebah. How long the affair would have dragged on nobody can tell, but one day the person whom Lebah desired to marry, a gentleman with a "sardonic, world-worn look," took Christopher and threw him out of Lebah's flat, subsequently adding insult to an injury inflicted on his head by making him drunk and then directing his taxi to an address at the other end of London. Of course, Christopher had to think up some explanation when he finally reached home, and the simplest thing seemed to be to have lost his memory. Naturally, he was regarded by his family and his family doctor as a dangerous lunatic, and it was all very unpleasant until the time came for a happy ending. If only some one had had the inspiration to slap Christopher on the wrist early in the first chapter, this story would probably never have been written.

THE NEAR EAST.

The Balkans: A Laboratory of History. By William M. Sloane. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Professor Sloane has constructed this book mainly upon the foundation of a series of articles written for periodicals. Revision has not introduced sufficient unity and proportion to make of the whole an enlightening interpretation of the latest acute phase of the question of the Near East. Much information is given, however, regarding the history and character of the various peoples now in the Balkan peninsula. The second half of the book follows the external events of the last six years, gives special attention to the formation of the Balkan alliance, and in the last two chapters, which are distinctly the best in the book, reviews the action of the six great European Powers and surveys the present situation. Professor Sloane's three recent visits to the Balkan peninsula enabled him to make personal observations and to acquire special knowledge of conditions from westerners of long residence.

Unfortunately, the descriptions are disfigured by a number of positive errors which might have been avoided by more careful reference to easily accessible authorities. A few of these may be noticed. Vestiges of the Roman Senate, instead of being "early swept away" (p. 6), persisted at Constantinople down to the catastrophe of 1453. The original Bulgarians are supposed to have entered the Balkans, not in 517 (p. 65), but in 687. Tamerlane did not drive Bayezid I into exile (p. 9), but took him prisoner. Venice could not have lost Rhodes (p. 16), never having owned that valuable island. Stephen Tzernovitch did not found Cettinje, since he died about twenty years earlier than 1485, while the great Scanderbeg was not his grandson, but his distant cousin and a contemporary (p. 91). The statement that Great Britain alone of the Great Powers made a direct gain of territory by the Treaty of Berlin (p. 211) is triply incorrect. Great Britain's acquisition of Cyprus was by a special previous convention with Turkey; it was indirect, since the island is still nominally Turkish; and the Treaty gave directly to Russia lands both in Europe and in Asia.

Nor is Professor Sloane's observation of contemporary events more accurate. The Turks have desired to raise their customs dues from 11 to 14 or 15 per cent. (p. 31), but have not as yet been permitted to do so. It would be strange if their "bitterest foes" should admit that the Greeks constitute six millions of the inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula (p. 199), when impartial authorities assign them not more than four and a half millions. It is no longer true that "the principal industry of Servia is the raising of swine" (p. 201). In the brief account given of the Turkish revolution (p. 153), the events of 1908 and 1909 are confused together. The Albanian revolt of 1911 was caused, not by any action of the Young Turks in regard to Christians (p. 159), but by their attempt to "Turkify" the Moslem Albanians. The party of Union and Progress did not return to power in the summer of 1912 (p. 162). The citations in the appendix show that the Bulgarian-Servian treaty preceded the Greek-Servian treaty by eleven weeks, but this has not been corrected in the text (p. 201). Bulgaria and Servia agreed only upon their common boundary, and not upon the future boundaries of Greece and Rumania, as shown in the map facing page 198. Professor Sloane could hardly have been expected to explain the still unknown circumstances which led up to the Balkan-Bulgarian war, but he need not have failed to notice that it was Bulgaria's insistence upon the terms of the Bulgarian-Servian treaty, and not a desire on her part to break it, which aligned Servia against her (p. 175). The Powers had set apart Albania out of the territory which Servia had hoped to have; whereas Bulgaria had gained more in the direction of Constantinople than had been expected. Not Bulgaria, but Servia, therefore, desired to break the treaty.

Exception must be taken to yet one more statement, not this time so much of fact as of opinion. Professor Sloane says: "It is my firm conviction that national assertiveness, that international differences, even that traditions, are almost entirely artificial in the Balkans and the work of paid agents faithfully serving dynasties or governments whose interest it is to divide and rule." It is generally believed that this was true of a part of the population of Macedonia under the Hamidian régime, but that such conditions extended over the whole Balkan peninsula is wholly out of harmony with the evidence. When have men died by thousands for artificial traditions, or for a mere "so-called patriotism"? Are not Albanians as distinct a nationality as the Scotch when in a similar stage of clan-life? Are not Bulgarians and Greeks as different as Bohemians and Italians, or Bulgarians and Servians as separate as Swedes and Norwegians? If genuine nationality be denied the Balkan peoples, it would be hard to say where it may be found.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON-SENSE.

Earth Hunger and Other Essays. By William Graham Sumner. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

The most illuminating chapter in this work is Professor Sumner's autobiographical sketch. His father, he tells us, belonged to the class of men of whom Caleb Garth in "Middlemarch" is the type. In 1841 he went prospecting through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, and came back convinced that, if a man would live as poorly and educate his children as badly in the East as he would have to in the West, he could do as well in the East. This hard-headedness, this cold, calculated determination not to run after phantasms, he entailed on the author of these essays, whose every utterance is that of an austere man, who knows, or is convinced that he knows, what is attainable, and who is not going to waste time and energy chasing the unattainable.

What he desires above all things is reality. We do not demand the truth, he declares, because we do not know where to get it. We do not want rationalism, because that is only a philosophy, and it has limitations like any other philosophy. We do not demand what is natural or realistic in the philosophical sense, because that would imply a selection of things, in operation all the time, before the things were offered to us. But we have no patience with invented and imaginary forms. There you have William Graham Sumner. He tolerates nothing that has been prepared merely to serve a purpose, no matter how edifying the thing or patriotic the purpose.

A collection of essays from such an intellect is like a strong wind—though it bites, it exhilarates. Not the slightest regard is paid to the sensibilities of the reader. If his mental processes happen to resemble Professor Sumner's, well and good for him; if they do not, he had better read this book with his intellectual top-coat on. The reviewer ventures to hope that it will be widely read, for whether he wins our

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assent or our dissent, Sumner is an awakener.

There is a logical order in the arrangement of this volume. The first essay is on "The Teacher's Unconscious Success." Knowledge is power, and it is nothing more. The vital question is, What will the possessor of knowledge do with it? With it he may become more useful or more harmful. Half-culture is one of the great curses of our time. It makes men volatile and opinionated. It makes them easy victims of fads and fallacies, and it makes them stubborn in adhering to whims. It takes character to make character, and here is where the personality of the teacher has a transcendent function. The teacher's part is to foster habits that will lead to the right use of knowledge.

Hence, there is fitness in finding the second essay in this collection devoted to "The Scientific Attitude of Mind." To some it may seem a far cry from the witch-hanger of the seventeenth century to the political grafter and legislative log-roller of the twentieth. But Professor Sumner places them in the same category. He urges us not to make the mistake of supposing that all follies and manias, like those which made Salem distinctive, are permanently overcome. The roots of popular error are ineradicable; they lie at the bottom of human nature; they can produce new growth and new fruits at any time. In this twentieth century the probable line on which the deductions will be drawn is in politics and civil institutions. The modern world has rejected religious dogmatism, but has taken up a great mass of political dogmatism, and this dogmatism is intertwined with the interests of groups of men. If you accept the political dogmas of the eighteenth century and begin to build deductions on them, you will reach a construction as absurd and false as that of witchcraft. The only security is the constant practice of critical thinking.

But critical thinking is as necessary in religion as in politics. No religion ever offers itself, we are told, except as a complete and final answer to the problems of life. A religion cannot say: "I am the best solution yet found, but I may be superseded to-morrow by new discoveries." Yet that is exactly what every science must say. We have Galton's word that "every religious instructor, in every creed, is one who makes it his profession to saturate his pupils with prejudice." Professor Sumner subscribes to this dictum, and the fact that he was himself in orders, and for a period an actual incumbent, makes his agreement all the more interesting. Indeed, it imparts astringency to his assertion that "there is another form of phantasm which is still in fashion and does great harm—that is, faith in ideals." Every ideal, he contends, is a phantasm; it is giving up one's hold on reality and taking flight into the realm of fiction.

This leaves religion in something of a plight. Are its credentials to be based upon a knowledge of reality? If so, who shall tell us what is reality? In a matter admittedly transcending the senses, on whose critical thinking shall we rely? Professor Sumner, in the essay before us, mentions religion by way of illustration, but while he has perhaps cleared our thought on the subject which he has immediately in hand, he has created confusion on another subject, and one which the world has hitherto agreed to consider the most vital that can employ the human faculties. Professor Sumner may have been not without a consciousness of the paradox in which he has involved us, for he confesses later that criticism is pessimistic. Yet he hastens to qualify this assertion: pessimism includes caution, doubt, prudence, and care; optimism means gush, shouting, boasting, and rashness.

In "Earth Hunger, or the Philosophy of Land-Grabbing," and in the papers which follow, we find a rigid and invigorating application of the critical method disclosed in the first two essays of this volume. The dominant note is economic. The industrial revolution of recent centuries has brought in its train revolutions in philosophy, ethics, religion, politics, and all other relations of human society; for whenever you touch economic and industrial causes, you touch those which underlie all the others. The philosophers and all the resolution-makers of every grade come running together and shouting pæans of victory to the rising power and the coming glory; and, therefore, they assert that they have made it all. It is totally false. They are themselves but the product of the forces, and all their philosophies and resolutions are as idle as the waving of banners in the breezes. Democracy itself, the pet superstition of the age, is only a phase of the all-compelling movement. If you have abundance of land and few men to share it, the men will all be equal. Each landholder will be his own tenant and his own laborer. Social classes disappear. Wages are high. The mass of men, apart from laziness, folly, and vice, are well off. No philosophy of politics or ethics makes them prosperous. Their prosperity makes their political philosophy and all their other creeds. It also makes all their vices and imposes on them a set of fallacies produced out of itself.

In the essay on Earth Hunger we have a brilliant critique of the foreign and colonial policies of the United States. A sharp distinction is drawn between economic earth hunger and political earth hunger, between the extension of industry and commerce on the one side and political aggrandizement on the other. The economic earth hunger of our own nation is satisfied for the present, and is provided for far into the future. But we may turn around in our folly, if we choose, and ask, "What is it all worth?" We may run in chase of the old baubles of glory and vanity and passion. If we do, we shall only add another to the long list of cases in which mankind has sacrificed the greatest blessings in pursuit of the greatest follies.

The relentless piling up of facts and the inexorable logic that characterize "Earth Hunger" are as plainly evident in "What Is Civil Liberty?" The voice which we hear is of one crying in the wilderness. It is declared that men have failed of freedom, not because kings, nobles, or priests enslaved them, but because liberty was too high and great for them. They would not rise to it; they would submit to any servitude rather; therefore they get servitude. The strain of liberty is in the demand which it makes on the whole mass of the people for perpetual activity of reason and conscience to reëxamine rights and duties, and to readjust their equilibrium. Civil liberty is not a scientific fact. It is not in the order of nature. It is not positive and objective; therefore, it is not capable of constant and easy verification. It is historical and institutional. That means that it is in the flux and change of civilization.

And so throughout the whole of this volume of essays. Let the subject be what it may—liberty, freedom, education, family life, democracy, natural rights, monopoly, capital, politics, economics—we are forever confronted with the philosophy of commonsense, conveyed to us through the medium of a rugged, impatient, and domineering personality.

THE REAL DISPUTE IN IRELAND.

The Happy Irish. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

This book (published in England under a better title, "The Lady Next Door") is a record of observations relating to the Home Rule question, made on a trip through Ireland. Mr. Begbie is in the main impartial, his observation is discriminating and sympathetic, and his conclusions are really enlightening.

"An honest man," he tells us in the preface, "going to Ireland with no prejudgments in his mind, might easily return from his study with inspiration, arguments, citations, and economical data for two distinct books. One book would persuade the world to call for Home Rule. The other book would convince the world to maintain the Union. . . . And neither . . . would make use of arguments employed by the rival protagonists of Irish politics." The religious question, he thinks, has no real bearing on the matter of Home Rule. He was unable to discover a case of Catholic intolerance; and the one alleged instance which was brought to his attention after he went back to England turned out to be strong evidence, not only of tolerance, but of forbearance. The only intolerance or bigotry which he could find in Ireland was in the Protestant part of Ulster. The uproar in Ulster on this subject, he believes, is largely buncombe. On this point Mr. Begbie's testimony is weighty, for he notoriously represents an extreme type of evangelical Protestantism.

The really valid arguments both for and against Home Rule are social and economic.

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The greater part of Ireland is agricultural and conservative. She does not want to be "dragged at the heels of a rich, powerful, and sorely troubled nation committed to industrialism." She does not need and cannot afford the costly social legislation which is now being forced upon her. She wants to keep house for herself, instead of having her house kept for her "by the wealthiest and most extravagant housekeeper in the whole community of nations." In the first part of his book, which is by far the longer, Mr. Begbie presents this argument in a variety of forms and with many illustrations, quoting all sorts of people—a Catholic bishop, a Quaker, a lawyer, a woman shopkeeper, etc. The bishop believes that some of the finest traits of Irish character are threatened by the Union. "You paralyze our self-reliance," he says. "We tend under the Union to become the parasites of your wealth, the hangers-on of your imperial greatness."

On the other hand, Belfast, in its social and industrial conditions, belongs with industrial England. The second part of the book contrasts Belfast with rural Ireland, much to the disadvantage of Belfast. Readers of "Twice-Born Men" will recall that Mr. Begbie knows something about slums; and he declares that the horror of the slums of Belfast can scarcely be matched in the worst parts of London. Statistics of infant mortality are appalling. He describes intolerable labor conditions in the factories: "I would rather see my own children dead," he says, "than working in the very best of the Belfast linen mills." In the sweated part of the industry matters are, if possible, worse. Wages for fine sewing vary from one-third of a penny to a penny per hour. In the light of these circumstances, Mr. Begbie concludes, "If I were an Irishman and lived in Belfast, I should be a Unionist, . . . in order to force for Belfast, by the strong hand of democratic England, taxation of the rich and social reformation of the poor." Reform for Belfast would not come, he thinks, from a parliament at Dublin, because this would be overwhelmingly conservative. It is an odd anomaly, he remarks by the way, to see the Irish Conservative working in double harness with Mr. Lloyd George, and the Irish Socialist in similar alliance with English Conservatism.

From the Irish point of view, there are thus sound reasons for both answers to the Home Rule question. But since the industrial population of Ireland is a small minority, Mr. Begbie inclines to the belief that "it is wise for Ireland to pursue her own road." She may ultimately be drawn into the vortex of industrialism; but she ought to have a chance to keep out by her own devices.

In style the book is popular and a trifle slipshod; but it contains many attractive sketches of rural Irish life and some grim ones of the Belfast factories and slums. It is illustrated with a number of reproductions from photographs.

Notes

Henry Holt & Company announce for publication on August 22 "Greylake of Mallerby," by W. L. Cribb, and "Love's Legend," by H. Fielding-Hall. The same company will publish in October a translation of Oscar Schmitz's "The Land Without Music."

Among the autumn publications of the Century Company are announced: "Canadian Nights," by Albert Hickman; "Living Up to Letchwood," by Julian Street; "The Rise of the Working Class," by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. The following juvenile books are also announced: "Phyllis," by Maria Thompson Daviess; "Baby Bears," by Grace Dayton; "The Book of Friendly Giants," by Eunice Fuller; "More than Conquerors," by Ariadne Gilbert; "The Bubble Ballads," by Melville Charter; "The Runaway," by Allen French; "The Lucky Stone," by Abbie Farwell Brown.

To the Oxford Editions of Standard Authors has been added Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Oxford University Press; 1s. 6d. net). It would be difficult to hazard a guess how many editions of this novel have been published since its original appearance in 1857, or how many thousands of readers have felt the charm of the lovable personality of John Halifax. We suspect that the rising generation of readers is not as familiar with this hero of a day when "the grand old name of gentleman" might be borne without abuse as it might and ought to be, and we trust that this inexpensive edition, attractively illustrated by Warwick Goble, may induce it to make good the deficiency.

A new and handy edition, one that will slip easily into the pocket, of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," is published by the Oxford University Press. The present edition is supplemented by notes by C. B. Wheeler which may be useful by reason of the biographical details that they supply, but which appear to us to be too extensive and to assume too abysmal an ignorance of the English language on the part of the user of the anthology. In this edition, also, a well chosen selection of additional poems representing the latter half of the nineteenth century is given. Concerning the additions the editor explains with pleasing filial piety: "None but Mr. Palgrave could have grouped the newer poems in 'the most poetically effective order,' as he conceived it, so they have been added in the chronological order of their authors." Commendation is superfluous in the case of a critical work which, on its publication, in 1861, immediately won for the author a distinctive place in literary history, and which has been surpassed in merit by none of the many excellent anthologies since published, of which it was itself the prototype.

In "Telepathy of the Celestial World" (Fleming H. Revell; $2 net) the author, Horace C. Stanton, accepts the telepathic hypothesis as an established datum, and upon it bases an imaginative description of the scope of telepathic communication in the world we enter after death; even going so far as to hold that the method of communication between the three persons of the Godhead must be telepathic, and devoting a whole chapter to the elucidation of this view.

"A reverend amateur in politics," the late Canon Maccoll was once somewhat irreverently called. How much of truth there was in the characterization may be judged by a reading of the "Memoirs and Correspondence" of Malcolm Maccoll, edited by George W. E. Russell (Dutton; $3.50 net). Here is set down with exemplary fidelity, and without bias, the chief events in the Canon's life and his main titles to remembrance. He was not a man of first-class powers, but had a great gift for winning the confidence of first-class men and rendering himself serviceable to them. That a poor Scotch clergyman should have been a correspondent at the same time of Gladstone and Lord Salisbury was a remarkable proof of Maccoll's versatility and, it may be added, usefulness. His political judgment was ordinarily sagacious, and he was an embattled pamphleteer. Probably nobody in England wrote more copiously than he did on all phases of the Eastern Question. He was of such vitality and drive that, though, after marrying at seventy-three, he died at seventy-five, it seemed natural for Mr. Bryce and others, in writing letters of condolence to his widow, to speak of him as one for whom they had looked forward to "a long and useful life."

One of a new series of Manuals for Christian Thinkers (London: Charles H. Kelly; 1 shilling net) is contributed by Saint Nihal Singh under the title "Progressive British India." In somewhat more than a hundred pages it recapitulates the intellectual advancement, economic progress, religious and social development, and political growth of India during the last century in chapters made up out of articles published in the London *Nation* and various reviews. The author is a thoughtful and conservative thinker, and his little book gives an unbiassed view of the good and evil wrought by British dominion in his native land. Statistics as to schooling and economic progress are furnished in sufficient quantity and a list of "books suggested for reference" will be found useful by those wishing to go into details.

By the diligence of the editors of the *Homiletic Review*, Messrs. Robert Scott and G. W. Gilmore, there has been made accessible to readers who are interested in practical symbolics a volume of about six hundred pages, entitled "The Church, the People, and the Age" (Funk & Wagnalls; $3.50), in which over a hundred professional men, American and European, seek to answer, in their several ways, the following questions: "Why is it that there are so many persons who are indifferent to the claims of the Church? Do you think it wise to ask the great majority of people to subscribe to statements that deal with debated and controversial questions? What should be the basis and direction for a fundamental theology of the Church?" The answers of these men, many of them men of distinction, afford not only interesting, but at times entertaining, reading. It should be added that Professor Beckwith contributes an analysis and summary of the various answers, and that the photographs of the participants in the symposium give a touch of humanity to the theological discussions.

The metrical romance on Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which was composed somewhere near

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the end of the thirteenth century, has not been reprinted since the publication of Weber's "Metrical Romances" (1810). We have it now in a new edition, by Karl Brunner, under the title of "Der mittelenglische Versroman über Richard Löwenherz" (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, XLII; Leipzig: Wilhelm Braumüller). Unlike Weber, the present editor has collated all the seven extant manuscripts of the poem (to say nothing of the early prints of Wynkyn de Worde), and he gives a full record of the variant readings at the bottom of the page. From an examination of the words that occur in rhyme, Dr. Brunner concludes that the poem is written in a southeastern dialect, with an admixture, however, of northern forms. How such a contamination of dialects came about he does not try to explain. His introduction contains, besides a description of the manuscripts and early prints, a discussion of the metre and a study which attempts to determine what is historical and what is legendary in the work. He gives also at the end a rather slender sheaf of notes on the text, a glossary of words in the same which are supposed not to be recorded in Stratmann-Bradley's "Middle English Dictionary," a list of proper names, and a German translation of the romance. It would have been more to the purpose if the editor had applied to the preparation of a fuller glossary the energy which he has expended on this translation. The fact that a number of the words listed in his glossary of only four columns are actually found in Stratmann-Bradley does not inspire confidence in his accuracy. There are other things that also excite suspicion. For instance, "lewede men" in Middle English does not necessarily mean "laymen"; it may mean, of course, merely "ignorant men." The form "ryt" (l. 3151) is not a weak preterite (!) of "ride," but the regular present indicative (3 pers. sing.). These are merely specimens.

The romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was translated from a French original, which, however, is lost. The English poem itself is of the rudest character. Nevertheless, its direct narrative and touches of rough humor make it rather easy reading. Well known is the passage which describes how Richard's mother, being of demonic origin, could not stand the presence of the holy sacrament and so flew off incontinently through the roof of the church. Amusing, too, is the description of the relish with which the sick monarch ate a boiled Saracen, in lieu of the pork (unobtainable in Palestine) that he had first called for. The whole tone of the poem reminds the present writer of the ballads concerning the Shah of Persia which he heard several years ago from ballad-singers in the streets of London on the occasion of the visit of that potentate to England. The main interest of the work lies in the popular traditions which it preserves in regard to a great national hero—traditions which had sprung up within less than a hundred years of his death. It is hard to believe, however, that so incondite a production represents the culture of any but the rudest classes in thirteenth-century England.

The opinion of not a few general readers that certain parts of the Old Testament are unimportant or uninteresting has doubtless diminished acquaintance with it. To remove or lessen this difficulty, the Rev. Dr. M. G. Glazebrook, Canon of Ely, has arranged "The Layman's Old Testament" (Oxford University Press), comprising the major part of the Old Testament, with selections from the Apocrypha, and a general revision. He omits Leviticus (a mass of ancient ritual), Chronicles (a largely lengendary and unhistorical version of a part of the book of Kings), Esther (a wholly fictitious account of the origin of the Feast of Purim), Lamentations (laments over the fallen fortunes of the nation), and the Song of Solomon (charming non-religious love-songs, parts of which are not proper to be read in public). The narrative matter and the prophetic sections are given in chronological order, and poetical pieces are printed stichometrically. There are brief footnotes and eleven maps. A good deal in the prophetical books (referring to obscure peoples and events) might profitably be omitted, and the confused text of Ezra i-vi should be revised and united to Nehemiah. But the volume as it stands will facilitate the reading of the Old Testament. The insertion of First Maccabees after Nehemiah, for example, will be helpful, and it will be a relief to have the prose material printed in the fashion of other books, without the usual disturbing sharp divisions into chapters and verses.

In two elaborate volumes on "Unknown Mongolia" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $7 net), Mr. Douglas Carruthers has given us a valuable and interesting account of two years of exploration. The particular area traversed and mapped was the basin of the upper Yenisei south of the Siberian railway, and the vast plain of Dzungaria still farther to the south. Hemmed in by great ranges, the Syansk and the Tian Shan or Celestial mountains, and by the barren Gobi Desert, this wild country has remained isolated, desolate in winter and with but slight communication with the outer world in the summer months. Here was the birthplace of the Mongols and the Turks; here the Huns wandered, gathering force and numbers before they swept over Europe, and here was born Jenghis Khan, the most picturesque and sanguinary of all the early Mongols, whose name is still revered by the Tartar tribesmen. The physical geography is the main subject, but there are full and scholarly accounts of the natives. One of unusual interest deals with the tribal life of the Uriankhai. Although on the very outskirts of the empire, the power of official Peking was felt by this tribe up to the time of the author's visit in the annual tax which was paid in the form of mares, sheep, goats, furs, eagles' tails, swans, geese, and grebes.

A second ethnological account of great interest in the same book is a condensed history of the Mongols, who once placed their sovereign on the throne of Peking, overran and well-nigh conquered Europe, establishing a vast but phantom empire from France to the Pacific, and who have left the imprint of their architecture throughout India. It is astonishing to learn that so close to the desolate, almost barren tundra wastes of Siberia is this region of swamps, jungles, meadows, and diversified uplands, sheltered fertile valleys, a maze of lofty glacier-covered mountains, and a network of lakes and rivers. Hardly any English explorers have entered even the borders of this region, while the splendid works of Prjevalsky, Severtzoff, Potanin, and other Russians are inaccessible to most people on account of their difficult language. Few books of exploration as elaborate as this are so readably written, and the photographs are excellent. The work ends with several appendices relating to physical geography, the Dzungans of Dzungaria, and the life-zones of the region. A series of excellent maps in color, a bibliography, and a good index are evidence of the pains which the author has taken to round out his work in every direction. Three well-written chapters on sport and animal life in general are contributed by Mr. Miller, one of Mr. Carruthers's two companions.

Prof. C. H. Weller, the author of "Athens and Its Monuments" (Macmillan; $4 net), has accomplished the difficult task of writing a clear and careful account of the remains of ancient Athens in about 400 by no means closely printed pages. The book contains 262 illustrations, which have been carefully selected and are well reproduced. The subject matter is divided, after a short but useful introduction, into ten chapters. In the first chapter the situation of Athens and the general aspect of the ancient city are briefly and well described; the second is a much condensed, but clear, historical sketch; the other chapters are devoted to a discussion of the various monuments arranged by the regions in which they are found, the last one being concerned with the Piræus and the ports. For the most part, the route of Pausanias is followed. The author has made use of the latest studies of the monuments, and it is agreeable to Americans to note how frequently the recent work of our scholars at the Athenian School appears. The original and admirable studies of Messrs. Stevens, Hill, Caskey, and Dinsmoor furnish both authority and illustration, and, indeed, the book itself is presumably in a measure the outgrowth of Mr. Weller's connection with the School.

In a book in which so many details must be considered, and in which the author must constantly decide what material should be rejected and what accepted, the reader will occasionally wish to find some things that are not there, and will probably think that other things which are might well have been omitted. In general, however, both omissions and inclusions have been most wisely managed, and one is impressed throughout with the writer's thorough command of his material. In cases where there is a lack of agreement between scholars, he states his own view moderately and clearly. A few minor details suggest comment. On page 314, in regard to the Hecatompedon, it is said: "The west pediment probably bore two immense coiled and rearing serpents, with a group of gods between them." Since, however, Heberdey has now shown that the figures of the gods almost certainly belong to a smaller pediment, it would seem that the above theory should be modified (see Dickins's catalogue of the Acropolis Museum, pages 62 and 85). In the account of the temple of Athena Niké, since current restorations of the cornice make the entablature appear too heavy, note might well have been taken of Stevens's demonstration of the true proportions. Figure 218 is given as Stevens's restored plan of the Erechtheum, as indeed it is; but Mr. Stevens subsequently modified this and redrew the plan as it appears in his chapter on Architecture in Fowler and Wheeler's "Handbook of Greek Archæology." On page 247, to illustrate the later history of the Propylæa, the interesting view in Turkish times given by Stuart and Revett, or that by Kinnaird, would have been welcome. These

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are of more real importance to the student than the Dörpfeld-Elderkin plan of the Erechtheum (Figure 220), which seems to belong to "Nephelococcygia" rather than in a work which deals with facts. But the faults of Professor Weller's book are trivial, and its excellences great. It should be of much value to the student who is beginning work in Athens, and to all travellers who seek for more than a passing view of the ancient ruins.

Essays in part reprinted from recent numbers of current English reviews make up a volume of "Anglo-Indian Studies" (Longmans, Green; $3.50 net), by S. M. Mitra. The author notes that the word Anglo-Indian has been appropriated by the Eurasians and deprecates the fact. His Anglo-Indians are English residents of India. The book is a curious medley of valuable observations on present relations between the races in India and valueless observations in regard to the history of the Hindus. Verbosity and inaccuracy combine with the naïve self-complacency of the Hindu to produce some extraordinary "Studies." Thus Mr. Mitra believes that the circulation of the blood was taught in India in the second millennium before Christ, and that about 1500 B. C. the Hindus were carrying on war with cannon and muskets. The great Hindu epic, which he ascribes to the same period (!), contains a number of moral truths, some of which coincide with those of other civilized peoples. On this basis we have a study called "Christianity in Hinduism." On the other hand, when the author is discussing present-day matters, his words are often pregnant with meaning. Thus he reduces all discontent in India to the effect of Anglo-Indian arrogance. Administrative reforms do not touch the masses; they do not care who rules them; but they object to being treated like dogs. Hindus and Mohammedans may be excluded from office; Bengal may be divided; but the shop-keeping Englishman must not kick the native. If this is rather exaggerated, it nevertheless contains a germ of truth not the less important as coming from a native source.

The booklet, "Japan's Modernization" (London: Charles H. Kelly; 1s.), is one of a series of manuals for Christian thinkers. The author, Saint Nihal Singh, is a writer of repute on Indian matters, who at the time when the victories of the Russo-Japanese War were having an appreciable influence upon Indian political aspirations, visited the island empire and published his reflections in some of the leading London reviews. They are embodied in this manual. Unfortunately, the author had not sufficiently grasped the Japanese situation to write anything of abiding value. What is the logic of his political philosophy when on one page he can term feudalism a "malignant growth eating into the vitals of society," and on the next ascribe the wonderful achievement of building up an organization on new foundations to the spirit which the indigenous code of ethics and chivalry *(bushido)* instilled in the hearts of the Samurai? The statistics which overweight several of his chapters are neither up to date nor trustworthy. The latest authorities are right in giving four, not three, Imperial Universities. Misspelling Tohoku ("Tohoko") University, he mistranslates it as Hokkaido, whereas the term signifies Northern, and includes Sendai on the mainland, where the science and other colleges are situated. In fact, at page 78, he refers to a Tohoku Gakuin at Sendai. The same inaccuracy marks his treatment of Christian schools. And why at this late date should the author abandon the standard term *Japanese* for the stilted "Nipponese," which he uses throughout? He has been ill-advised in reproducing ephemeral magazine material in this belated manual.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Has the influence of Shakespeare been exercised mainly through the library or through the stage? The question has been raised in connection with the English scheme for the celebration of his tercentenary. Prominent actors and theatrical managers are protesting against the proposal to place the arrangements in the hands of representatives of literature rather than of the dramatic profession. Shakespeare's vocation, they argue, was primarily that of an actor and a theatrical manager, and only secondarily that of a man of letters.

On July 13 the disablement benefit of the British Insurance act came into operation for the first time, one of the conditions of receiving it being that the insured person must have paid his contributions for 104 weeks. The ordinary sickness benefit covers twenty-six weeks, at the rate of 10s. a week for men and 7s. 6d. for women. In future at the end of this period a worker who is permanently disabled will be entitled to draw a further benefit of 5s. a week until he is old enough to claim his old-age pension. It is estimated that the amount to be paid in disablement benefit will be about £2,000,000 a year. The second annual report of the Insurance Commissioners, just issued, shows that in England alone over 10,500,000 persons are now insured.

An incidental result of the Insurance act is a falling-off in the sale of proprietary medicines. People who formerly doctored themselves with quack nostrums are now able to avail themselves of competent professional advice. Indirectly, middle-class patients, not themselves on the roll of insured persons, are gaining an advantage from the act, for the great increase in the number of doctors' prescriptions to be made up enables the druggists to reduce the price of dispensing to their customers generally.

A novel feature of the industrial situation in England is the growth of trade unionism among agricultural laborers. Farm workers have usually been slow to combine, but the success of united movements in the cities is now inspiring them to make a stand for better conditions. In Herefordshire there is every prospect of a strike when the wheat harvest begins towards the end of July. The men are demanding a wage rate of eight cents an hour, with a week of sixty hours in the summer and of fifty-four in the winter. A weekly half-holiday—a privilege almost unknown on Herefordshire farms—is also asked for. The farmers are warning their men that a higher wage will mean the loss of such perquisites as cider, milk, hauling of fuel, etc.

In an editorial in the *British Weekly* on Joseph Chamberlain's career, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll recalls a political dinner party at which he was present at the time when the late statesman was starting his "tariff reform" campaign. The chief guests were Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Henry Fowler. The latter took an extremely gloomy view of the future of the Liberal party, and predicted that the new protectionist propaganda would soon sweep the country. "C.-B." emphatically dissented from this view. "Chamberlain," he said, "will be trapped in his facts and figures. He knows nothing." Another English journalist, Lucien Wolf, tells of his astonishment at finding, from an interview at the time, that Chamberlain, before attacking Free Trade, had not taken the trouble to study either the history or the theory of the question. He knew nothing, for example, of the old Colonial preferences and their mischievous effect on British commerce.

A critic of Bergson's philosophy comes from an unexpected quarter. He is not so much a philosopher as a mathematician. M. de Gaussure, formerly of Geneva, now of Berne, has become a formidable critic of the popular French philosopher. At a recent meeting of Swiss philosophical professors at Rolle, De Gaussure attacked Bergson's doctrine of "Time." There was afterwards an animated discussion in which Flournoy, Lutaslawski, Werner, and others not so well known took part.

The Janssen Observatory, on the top of Mont Blanc, which, since 1909, has been buried in ice and snow, has now been replaced by a new observatory. M. Maurice Flamy, astronomer of the Paris Observatory, after going over the ground, chose as the new site the Petit Flambeau at the entrance to the Col du Géant. The new station is at an altitude of over 10,000 feet, and the rock constituting the Petit Flambeau is always encased in ice. It was found that the old observatory had not only been buried, but also wrecked and carried out of its place by the movement of the glacier.

The festival at Geneva, celebrating the entrance of the canton into the Swiss Confederation 100 years ago, momentarily diverted attention from the national exposition at Berne. It was a festival not for Geneva alone, but for the Catholic cantons of Soleure and Fribourg, which, in 1814, sent representatives to the shores of Lake Leman to welcome their new *confédérés*. The fête on July 4 and 5 brought crowds to the old Protestant capital. An immense theatre had been constructed near the entrance to the port, at which a "patriotic spectacle" in four acts was presented. This was entitled "La Fête de Juin." The words were by Swiss poets, and the music by Jaques-Dalcroze. With its Alpine and rustic scenes, its shepherds, soldiers, and peasants, its marches, dances, and choruses, it was a pageant of the sort especially agreeable to the Swiss taste, but to the foreigner seemed long and rather monotonous. The most original part of the festival was a realistic reproduction at the Port-Noir of the arrival of the contingents from Soleure and Fribourg. They came on three archaic looking boats, and were attired in military uniforms of the Napoleonic period. After being received by the civic and military authorities, and welcomed by salvos of artillery and much ringing of church bells, a long cortège passed through the streets of Geneva which was made up of the officers of state, all the civic societies, groups from Berne and Lucerne in costume, the University authorities and students, gymnasts, boy scouts, and school children. On July 6, it was the

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turn of the young people, who had a procession and concert of their own, followed by the execution of another spectacular piece entitled "Fête de la Jeunesse."

Admirers of Vincent van Gogh will be glad to know that the first volume of his complete correspondence has appeared in print. His letters afford an insight into the strange mentality of this most un-Dutch of all Dutch artists. Un-Dutch he was also in this gift of expressing himself in writing. With the brush alone Rembrandt told the story of his life, and few were the artists in Holland that sought expression in words as well as in colors. The Dutch painter does not believe in theory; he despises it, and is apt to say that it is good enough for the people who cannot paint, such as the Germans. "Let them talk about it, we do it," is his attitude. Vincent van Gogh was not one of these. He loved to philosophize on the emotions he experienced in his deeper self, on the forces that go to the creating of a work of art, on the relationship that exists between art and reality, between art and religion. Religion was the keynote of his thinking. In the thirty-eighth letter of the collection he denies that the artist's love of nature should be identical with religious emotion. Interesting criticisms on the work of other artists, of writers, and thinkers are scattered through these pages. They show what influences touched him, and what his own cravings were. In the twenty-ninth letter, he describes the impression some drawings of Millet had made on him in these words: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." He was no great admirer of contemporary English artists, who told a story like novelists rather than giving shape to mental visions. He warned his brother Theo against Heine, Renan, and Michelet. George Eliot he admired, her "Scenes of Clerical Life" especially. Whatever may be the final judgment pronounced on his art, which by some is exalted as the work of a genius, by others decried as the chromatic ravings of a maniac, no such dissension is likely to arise over this volume of letters. They will teach the enthusiasts to understand him better and more wisely, they will convince the scorners of their mistake.

The first volume has appeared of a "Handboek der Nederlandsche Taal" (Manual of the Dutch Language), which promises to be a standard work of its kind. The writer is Dr. Jac. van Ginneken, S. J., a well-known philologist in his native country. He deals in this first volume (which is to be followed by four others) with the sociological structure of the Dutch language. First the dialects are discussed, next the several developments which arose from the mixtures of seventeenth-century Dutch and native tongues in the colonial settlements. The second part of the volume is devoted to the narrower differentiations of speech, depending on family, age, sex, and profession. In other words, this first volume offers a bird's-eye view of the language as it is spoken at the present day in all its infinite variety. The book is not a treatise in the traditional style, describing the phonetic and grammatical growth of the language from the earliest periods down to the present day. It considers the language it deals with not as an aim but as a means, by which the author hopes to arrive at a psychology of the nation as a whole. For in its language alone the soul of a people can be studied.

Science

CHARACTER.

The Foundations of Character. By Alexander F. Shand. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Nearly twenty years have passed since Mr. Shand published in *Mind* an article entitled "Character and the Emotions," which was looked upon by the narrow circle of those to whom it appealed as important in itself, but especially as giving promise of future valuable work from its author. To-day we have a partial fulfilment of this promise in a book of marked distinction which cannot fail to command wide attention. For during these years of silence Mr. Shand has devoted himself to the development of the theses presented in the article referred to, and to the collection of a vast body of notes from well-chosen sources which serve to corroborate the positions he maintains, and which he promises to elucidate further in a volume treating of the Sentiments.

No one who studies this book with care can fail to appreciate the courage involved in undertaking so difficult a task as the author has set for himself; nor can one help admiring his skill, the conscientious care with which his statements are made, and withal the marked modesty he displays in the presentation of very original observations; a modesty which at once disarms criticism, and at the same time encourages the expression of any difficulties that may be found in connection with the exposition of an author so evidently earnest in the quest for truth. The method of approach is indeed acknowledged to be tentative; but on this very account it appears sound in principle, for in dealing with so complex a subject Mr. Shand has seen that it is useless to strive at once to gain "indisputable foundations." He has, therefore, adopted provisional hypotheses, in the main based upon current opinion, and has endeavored to correct these and to leave them in such form "that they can be made use of and improved by others without being wholly abandoned." In this he has succeeded well. Critical study of his work must, of course, lead to certain restatements, and doubtless to some improvements of classification; but one closes the book with the conviction that the work done will not have to be done over again by future students of the subject. Throughout we find the keenest of introspective analysis, as instances of which we may note his studies of the relation of play to pleasure and joy and of the relation of impulse to desire (p. 460 f.).

Although this book deals with only part of the author's investigations, the field covered is so broad that it necessarily yields a bulky volume, which will probably become a book of reference rather than a work to be studied as a whole by more than a limited number. As a book of reference, however, it will prove to be invaluable to the writer who deals with human motive. The subjects treated are so complex that, notwithstanding the great care used by the author in the preparation of his table of contents, the reader does not always find it easy to catch the drift of thought. It would have been most helpful had the work included some brief summary of the author's classifications: a lack that may well be supplied in a second edition, which it is also to be hoped may contain a fuller treatment of "the relative ethics of the sentiments" (Bk. I, ch. xi), especially in regard to the analysis of conscience; unless this is to be included in the future volume promised to us.

It is interesting to note that, in so thorough a study, hardly any reference is made to the influence of rational initiative in the formation of character, and somewhat surprising that our author does not call attention to this fact. For in this particular his work furnishes very strong corroboration of the positions lately maintained by McDougall in his "Social Psychology," who justly claims that we tend to overlook the enormous importance of the instincts as "the prime movers of all human activity." This being granted, it is nevertheless clear that the influence of this rational initiative cannot be overlooked. Probably we shall hear more of this in Mr. Shand's later volume.

The author's most significant contribution is given in the enunciation of the "Laws of Organization"; which are gradually developed, and which may perhaps best be explained in his own words (p. 460):

> There are, then, three principal orders of systems. The simplest and least comprehensive are felt in consciousness as "impulses": the second, which comprise a number of the former, include our emotions and appetites; the third, which are the most comprehensive of all, organize a number of emotions with their attendant impulses and instincts.

This last order is held to constitute the sentiments to be treated in the forthcoming volume; the body of this book being given to the study of the emotions, and of the lower systems, the instincts, which the emotions organize. The value of this conception is shown in the flood of light it throws upon the problems with which our author deals. And it is quite in line with the modern psychological conception of consciousness as a system of minor psychic systems, corresponding with physical activities, which in like manner are recognized to be the functioning of systems of minor physical systems. This fact seems to have escaped the observation of our author, who might well have emphasized it as a strong corroboration of the positions he maintains.

That psychic systems of this general nature and of varied complexity exist, and that the more complex systems hold the less complex in subordination, is to be granted; and the importance of the formulations made by Mr. Shand is not to be questioned. The general order of subordination as described by him may also be accepted

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in the main, and may well be found serviceable in making an orderly arrangement of the mental states considered. Nevertheless, it would be too much to expect that a classification of our varied impulses, emotions, and sentiments on such a basis would be found available to cover all the various complex systems, physical and mental, which occur in the life of man, and which vary greatly among different individuals and at different times in the same individual. It is natural, therefore, that we find difficulty in maintaining the author's distinctions as clear and sharp as he would lead us to expect them to be. Mr. Shand seems at times to forget that there is a fundamental likeness in all forms of activity, and a similar likeness in all the corresponding forms of consciousness. He also overlooks, or minimizes, the existence of states of consciousness which cannot be brought into the field of awareness, but which, nevertheless, must be held to be fundamentally of the same nature as this field of awareness. Thus (p. 458) he holds that a sharp line can be drawn between the reflexes and the instinctive reactions in the fact that the former do not, while the latter do, involve impulses. If we take a purely objective view there is surely no basis for drawing such a distinction; a fact which gains importance when we note that he holds (p. 101) that the reflexes are not, while the instincts are, expressions of character, which surely can only be interpreted in an objective view. Nor can he base this particular position upon introspective evidence; for the impulses are much less distinct in content than such a view would imply, and many of them must be assumed to exist even where they cannot be grasped in awareness with sufficient clearness to enable us to analyze them.

It appears clear that we must accept fully our author's view that the emotions organize diverse instincts. And we may agree with him that a given instinct may belong now to one and now to another emotion (*e. g.*, p. 255). But it seems impossible to grant that an emotion remains the same thing when the instincts it organizes change (*cf.*, *e. g.*, pp. 190, 203, 215, 254, 381). Each pulse of consciousness is enormously complex, and each change of instinct-feeling, corresponding to a change of instinctive reaction, must differentiate one pulse from another. We may still call two diverse mental states by the same emotional name, because we recognize that the diverse instincts that are organized tend towards the same end; but this does not justify us in holding that a given emotional content is maintained unless the instinctive activities also remain unchanged. An experience comes to be called an emotion when it is a special type of instinct-feeling which accompanies a special form of instinct-action—which latter happens to be of sufficient intensity, and sufficiently constant in form, to be recognized as a whole when it recurs. But it cannot be granted that there can be any change of instinct-feeling content without a change of emotional nature. Our author acknowledges that such a criticism of his view in this particular is possible (close of p. 202), but in the main sticks by his guns; doing so surely in the face of overwhelming evidence. The emotion of the coward (p. 254) who is fleeing is certainly a very different thing from his emotion as he fights for his life when at bay; although both emotional forms belong to one system that looks to his escape from danger, and may for convenience be called by the same name.

To attempt to summarize adequately the contents of the book would force us to pass the limits proper to a review. The systems of Fear and Anger, Joy and Sorrow, and their most marked derivatives are considered in the order named. All these are looked upon as emotional systems. Fear, anger, and sorrow are classified as emotions; but joy is held to be a system "more comprehensive than the emotion" (p. 285). Surprise is treated with fulness, and is held not to be an emotional system (p. 430), because "it has neither impulse nor end"; yet our author acknowledges in "law 97" that "the *effect* of surprise is to make us attend to the event that surprises us"; this surely indicates an end, and seems to cast doubt upon his conclusion, which is distinctly opposed to the opinion of the mass of thoughtful men.

The volume closes with an important Book on "The System of Desire" which is held to be not an emotion (p. 518), but "potentially a system of prospective emotions" (p. 469); a statement which raises the question why Desire is not to be considered a sentiment under the definition thus far given. We may hope to find the answer to this question when the author's volume on the Sentiments appears.

It is in connection with the consideration of joy that there seems most reason to dissent from the author's views. While he agrees (p. 272) that pleasure and joy cannot be identified, he has so far failed to appreciate the fact that pleasure is a general quality that may belong to any mental element, that he constantly does, in fact, identify the two in many of the points he makes. That pleasure tends to its own conservation is so old an observation that Herbert Spencer assumed no one could hesitate to "substitute for the word pleasure the equivalent phrase—'a feeling which we seek to bring into consciousness and *retain* there'" (Principles of Psychology I, § 125). And it is equally clear that joy is one of the most pleasant of experiences, as a general and spontaneous active state must necessarily be. That joy tends to maintain itself is therefore due to its quality of pleasure, and not to the nature of the emotion itself, as Mr. Shand suggests (pp. 280 f., 297, 299 f., 329).

One may also be inclined to dissent from the statement (p. 395) that the primary emotion which is developed into what we know as sorrow is not the opposite of joy. Moreover, we not infrequently find the author overlooking the patent fact that many of the so-called expressions of sorrow are really the expressions of relief from sorrow (*e. g.*, weeping), or of blind efforts of the physical system to break away from the sorrow's depression. As soon as these expressions appear the emotion gains new qualities, with which in some cases sorrow may be mixed, but in connection with which in other cases it is altogether lost. To construe (p. 331) the yelping of a dog, outside the door in the cold, as an expression of sorrow is certainly quite unconvincing.

Important as these points are they relate, nevertheless, to details that do not go to vitiate the author's main contentions, which must be conceded to be in general correct and profoundly important. The reader of this work will look forward with eagerness to the appearance of the promised volume dealing with the analysis of the Sentiments.

The Bulletin of the American Geographical Society for June opens with estimates of the growth of the population of the different countries in 1920, by Prof. M. Jefferson. A geographic study of Nova Scotia is contributed by Prof. R. H. Whitbeck, in which there are many interesting facts in regard to "the province that has been passed by." There is also a topographical map of Mexico, together with one showing the cities and their relation to the Mexican plateau.

Drama

IMAGINATIVE VERSE.

Tristram and Isoult. By Martha Kinross. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

There is poetic imagination of no common order in this latest variation of the ancient Arthurian legend. But the ability manifested is fanciful rather than dramatic—although there are several effective scenes—while the spirit and manner, notwithstanding the occasional use of antique words and phrases, are completely modern. This does not in any way affect the interest of the romance or the merit of the verse, which, if it seldom soars to the heights of positive inspiration, contains many passages of decided vigor and beauty, and is consistently clear. Moreover, the author shows marked power of characterization in her dialogue and a rare sense of local atmosphere, especially in her vivid pictures of the sea.

She divides her story—for although cast in theatrical form, it is more narrative than play—into three parts, of which the second is subdivided into three episodes. The first is at Camelot, where Guinevere and Isoult exchange confidences while discussing a tournament in which Arthur and his knights have been engaged. Guinevere bewails her guilty love for Launcelot, and confesses her envy of Isoult, who, wedded to a notorious coward and ruffian like King Mark, can afford to accept openly the devotion of such a noble lover as Tristram. Isoult, admitting her happiness in this respect, tells of the pangs of jealousy which she suffered until assured that Tristram's relations with his

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own wife, her namesake, Isoult of the White Hands, were purely platonic. Then Tristram, fresh from his victory in the recent tournament, enters and finds his welcome in a long love scene full of passionate eloquence, which is ended abruptly by Arthur, who, after highly commending the lovers for their mutual loyalty, announces that Tristram must instantly away to defend the Cornish kingdom of the recreant Mark against the invader. In all this there is no drama. All is narrative; but the narrative is excellent of its kind, and the personalities are differentiated with bold and skilful strokes.

In the second part the scene is in Mark's Castle of Tintagil. Here there is more action, although the interest still centres in the picturesqueness and vigor of the dialogue. There is theatrical value, doubtless, in the episode where Mark, in the absence of the heroic Tristram, who is killing his enemies for him, tries to murder Isoult by flinging her from the battlements upon the storm-beaten rocks below; but it is greatly diminished by the prolonged mutual recriminations in which the principals indulge. The device by which the lady is saved is more ingenious than her failure to expose the assassin is probable. But the literary quality of the scene is admirable, as is that of the banquet scene, in which Tristram, whom the treacherous Mark has dared to banish, under pretence of permitting him to rejoin his deserted wife, utters a defiance ringing with fierce contempt and chivalrous courage. This is a notable bit of declamatory verse, which ought to have led to a decisive climax, but the effect remains purely oratorical. The intended climax is reserved for the ensuing scene, at midnight in the now deserted banquet hall, where another love scene, of remarkable eloquence, occurs between Tristram and Isoult. On the printed page it furnishes delightful reading, but leaves the dramatic action at a standstill until the last moment, when Mark, entering stealthily from behind, runs the unsuspecting Tristram through the body. This, of course, is sheer melodrama. In the last act (Part 3) Tristram is dying in the house of his wife—Isoult of the White Hands—whither he has been transported. She is nursing him patiently and hopelessly, as she had done once before. It is a pathetic situation, handled with tact and womanly insight, but not much dramatic originality. Queen Isoult, of course—no matter how—arrives in time to bid her lover a last farewell, and to kill herself upon his dead body. The meeting of the two women, with its mutual revelation of wrecked love, is, perhaps, the most genuinely dramatic moment of the whole play.

"Tristram and Isoult," as this skeleton of it will indicate, is a succession of more or less dramatic episodes, not a true drama. But the dramatic weakness of it is constructive, not fundamental. An author capable of taking the dry bones of an old myth and revivifying them in this imaginative fashion may be expected to write a first-rate play when she has learned more of the art of dramatic construction.

"APARTMENT 12-K."

It cannot be said that the dramatic season in New York has opened auspiciously. "Apartment 12-K," a farce by Lawrence Rising, which was produced last week by the Shuberts at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is as futile a conglomeration of physical comedy and vapid dialogue as even Broadway has been invited to laugh at. Nothing of course is more entirely natural than that a new elevator boy should guide an inebriated fat man into the apartment immediately beneath his own, or that the charming lady of the house should mistake the bibulous tones of the stout gentleman's conversation as he disrobes for those of her medical husband who has been visiting a patient. In farce, of course, we do not require a probable or even a possible concatenation of circumstances to bring about the desired situation, but we do require that they be made to appear believable. That is only the Aristotelian preference for a "probable impossibility." And when we have accepted the situation we require rather more humor than is afforded by the spectacle of a grotesquely fat man mountainously undulating beneath bed clothes while an embarrassed lady endeavors to explain the situation to an irate mother-in-law. The cast, in which we understand certain changes are to be made, is, with the exception of the mother-in-law, decidedly mediocre, but at that is better than the play deserves.

This is Mr. Rising's first play, and we have seen it stated somewhere that he is only twenty-four years of age. We should have imagined that he was very much younger. The aim of the piece is obvious. It is an attempt to tickle American palates with French diet, and the attempt is a failure. It is not that American palates are incapable of appreciating Gallic delicacies; it is that American cooks, when they try to compound them, put in only the obvious ingredients—the risqué situation, the *scène de déshabillé*—and omit to add the delicate flavoring of wit and irony. It seems not improbable that in "Apartment 12-K" we have a shadow and foretaste of the kind of dramatic entertainment that is to be offered to the public during the forthcoming season in too abundant doses. If that prediction should unhappily be verified, we shall have only one thing to be thankful for: we shall at least have escaped from last season's sociological drama which invited us to believe that the surest way to elevate mankind was to immerse him in a sewer. But the sooner managers realize that French farce is a native product which cannot be cultivated on an alien soil, the better it will be for them and for the public, for American dramatists cannot write it and American players cannot act it.

In the English provincial towns the cinema now seems likely to prove a good friend to the regular theatre, which at first it threatened with extinction. It has created a new play-going public. People of Puritan tradition have had their objections to the stage overcome by what they have seen in the picture palaces. In towns where the theatrical managers have been put on their mettle by the competition of the "movies," and have improved the quality of their productions, a new class of audience has been attracted to the drama. Some of the better sort of music-halls are reported to have profited in the same way.

Music

A concert in aid of the survivors of the Empress of Ireland was given in London on June 29. One of its features was the performance of Chopin's funeral march by the leading London orchestras, under Sir Henry J. Wood.

Nearly two hundred young singers and players were heard during the first three months of the existence of the Music League of America, the philanthropic organization started with a view to benefiting talented artists. Of this number, 144 were singers, 18 were violinists, and 34 played the piano. For all of the successful candidates the Music League will find opportunities to appear at recitals and concerts in connection with women's clubs, at educational institutions, and at private musicals. A series of Music League concerts is to be given in various cities and towns.

A year ago the Berlin Royal Library sent out a request for expert information regarding local peculiarities and survivals of mediæval musical practices in the cities of the Empire. Already eighty-six cities have been heard from, and the Royal Library announces that much valuable information that was on the point of being lost, has thus been saved.

The Century Opera Company has obtained the rights for the performance of all the Wolf-Ferrari operas. Two of these were already included in last year's repertory. The coming season "Le Donne Curiose" and "L'Amore Medico" will also be sung. Among the singers newly engaged are Miss Bettina Freeman, of the Boston Opera Company, and Hardy Williamson, a young Welsh tenor.

The mild sensation created in some foreign cities by the performances of the infant Willy Ferrero, who, though not yet eight years of age, conducts an orchestra successfully, seems to have subsided. To many it occurred that a well-trained orchestra can play even without a conductor. Landon Ronald, however, found the boy "a most unaccountable genius," and it is said that members of the orchestra who tested his ability by playing false notes were promptly singled out and reprimanded. Child pianists are less likely to attract attention hereafter if they have to compete with child conductors, and that will be something to be thankful for.

The apparent determination to give many of the performances at the Century Opera House next season in the original Italian, French, and German seems to indicate a belief that there is no general desire in New York to hear operas sung in English. One of the main arguments used by the champions of opera in English is that in foreign Continental countries the performances are always given in the language of each land. But when the combination opera company from Boston and London produced "Parsifal" in Paris in German, it proved a great attraction. The retort might be made, however, not without good reason, that those who patronized the German "Parsifal" were mostly members of the large German colony in Paris. Snapshots of the crowd waiting to get in had a markedly Teutonic aspect.

It is announced that the management of the Metropolitan has ordered a new scenic attire for "Parsifal." It is to be hoped that whoever provides this scenery has been asked to travel and get suggestions by noting how

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some of the leading opera houses in Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Spain have overcome the technical and artistic difficulties presented by this opera. It would be well, also, to provide a better cast for "Parsifal" than the Metropolitan performances during recent years have boasted. One recalls the great cast Conried provided for the original performances of "Parsifal" in New York—a cast including Ternina, Burgstaller, Homer, Van Rooy, Goritz, and Journet.

The insulting attitude of many German musicians towards America is illustrated by a story of Brahms and Dvorák related in a German periodical by Oskar Nedbal, who was a pupil of Dvorák at Prague. One day Dvorák returned from Vienna in a state of great excitement. His class was assembled, but instead of teaching, he presently began to weep like a child. When he recovered his composure he related what had happened. He had called on Brahms, who had been the first to discover his genius, and who, on this occasion, was indignant because he had accepted an offer from New York. "Remain here, dear Dvorák," Brahms said; "do not follow the fashion of the virtuosi, who positively sell their art to the Yankees. It is unworthy of an artist to cross the ocean merely for pecuniary profit, and to make music for these dollar folk." "But, esteemed master," replied Dvorák, "I am not going of my own inclination; I go because I have a wife and children to support. And over here I shall not earn as much in a lifetime as the Americans offer me for a short time." But Brahms was not silenced. "Do not go!" he repeated. "I have a feeling as if we were selling our music to the Americans. All I possess is at your disposal. Take whatever you want." Dvorák repeatedly spoke of this generous offer, but it did not prevent him from going to New York, because, as he said to Nedbal, he would have been ashamed, after all that Brahms had done for him, to accept money from him in addition.

There is something amusingly arrogant in Brahms's assumption that to bring German music to America was like casting pearls before swine. The Viennese allowed Mozart and Schubert to starve; but the Americans, who pay more liberally than any other nation for music, are barbarians. So far as Dvorák is concerned, he was engaged by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber to be director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York at the munificent salary of $15,000 a year. He remained three years, and during that time some of the most promising of the younger American composers benefited by his instruction, among them Rubin Goldmark, Harry Rowe Shelley, William Arms Fisher, Henry Waller, Harvey Worthington Loomis, and Harry Burleigh. It was, moreover, during his sojourn in America that Dvorák wrote the "New World" Symphony, the most inspired composition ever created on American soil, and one that shows the marks of American influences. Had Dvorák followed Brahms's advice, this great work would never have been created.

Arnold Dolmetsch, who tried in vain some years ago to convert American music-lovers to his belief that the modern pianoforte is inferior to the harpsichords and clavichords of the days of Handel and Bach, still holds forth in London, where, some weeks ago, he gave another of his unique concerts in which these old-fashioned instruments were exhibited and played, together with obsolete viols of the seventeenth century.

Art

BRITISH ARTS AND CRAFTS IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 15.

There is an exhibition in Paris, just now open and to remain open until October, that no one who has the chance of seeing it should miss. This is the exhibition of the Decorative Arts of Great Britain and Ireland, organized by the Board of Trade for the British Government, representing chiefly the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, and held in the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre. The interest is partly in finding so essentially British a show in its new French surroundings, partly in the fact that, as it is in a measure retrospective, it gives a better idea of what is being done in relation to what has been done in Great Britain and Ireland by the Arts and Crafts Society than is given by their show held every three years in London.

There is no question that the British work gains by its French surroundings. Never has it been so well housed before. A lofty and spacious hall has been reserved for it, and this has been arranged with cartoons hung its entire length, an alcove containing furniture and metal-work here and there, and at the farther end an apse with an altar set up in it, so that something of the effect of a basilica is produced. Along one side of the hall are small, well-lighted rooms filled mainly with prints and books, glass and pottery, stuffs and embroideries, one, larger than the others, devoted to the work of William Morris. Behind the apse is a passage where, under electric light, the silverware and jewelry are more luxuriously displayed than ever before in an English gallery. The result is to lend to the whole exhibition a decorative beauty and dignity that must surprise all those who have followed the career of the Arts and Crafts Society at home.

The show itself may be largely retrospective, but it impresses one very much as any single show in the series held in the last thirty years or so impressed one at the time. There are artists in England who boast of the originality of English decorative art. Certainly the collection is undeniably British: it could not for a moment, wherever or whenever seen, be mistaken for the work of any other nation. But to be different is not necessarily to be original, and the chief claim to originality of the more prominent school of decorative artists represented is their unswerving fidelity to earlier masters and methods according to their modern interpreters. There is but little visible attempt to break away from the standard set by William Morris. Newer groups have arisen in Great Britain—in fact, it is probably in London that the men who call themselves Post-Impressionists, Vorticists, Futurists, or other enigmatic names, have been most preoccupied with decorative art, no doubt hoping to find in it a still shorter cut to genius than in painting. The modern tendency is to that simplicity in decoration which Morris never understood. But the principal group at the Pavillon de Marsan gives few signs of straying into fresh decorative fields; for all the change in its general character, their show here is as it was at the New Gallery in the eighties and the nineties.

William Morris, could he return, would have small reason to reproach his disciples for inconstancy. It is because the responsibility, or the inspiration, of the Arts and Crafts Society rests with Morris that the interest centres in the Morris Room. The criticism has been made that it savors too much of a shop, and this is partly true. But, after all, Morris was a shopkeeper, and his chintzes and carpets, his cabinets and tables, are still sold in Oxford Street. It is also true that an occasional exhibit has little more than a sentimental value, like the wardrobe painted by Burne-Jones and given by him as a wedding present to Morris. But, still, the sentimental value—all that this rather clumsy piece of furniture stood for with the Morris group, that has now passed into history—is a real source of pleasure to everybody who can profit by this opportunity to see it again. And, at any rate, the interest of the Morris collection is, above all, personal, proof as it is of the enormous energy and versatility of Morris the man, undertaking the work of a dozen men as designer, manufacturer, reviver of old methods and industries, shopkeeper, as author, printer, illustrator, illuminator—there was no end to the arts and occupations which appealed to him, no end to the vitality and enthusiasm which he brought to their practice.

Of Morris the artist there is nothing new to learn. There was variety in the kinds of work he undertook; there was only one idea underlying them all—the mediæval. He could see nothing else. Like many other leaders of rebellion, he fought for a cause that eventually became a worse tyrant than ever was the one he revolted against. In his disgust with Victorian vulgarity, as he thought it, he made no allowance for modern conditions, but filled the room of the small nineteenth-century house with heavy furniture out of all proportion to its size, and covered its floor and its walls with a restless intricacy of endless pattern. He overloaded the pages of his books with ornament, and used type that was a stumbling-block to the reader. He loved beauty, and his sole endeavor was to create it, but he saw only one kind of beauty and he forgot that he could not make the modern world mediæval to harmonize with the art he revived.

His followers seem oppressed by his teachings, though the gain to their work from the simplicity and spaciousness of its present surroundings should prove to them a profitable lesson. Of course, there are exceptions; there always are. The standard has been broadened for the prints and drawings, which include a series of Beardsleys, lithographs by the Senefelder Club, examples of Conder; Harry Wilson almost always lends a touch of originality to his jewelry. The Whitefriars Glass Company may keep to some old designs—both useful and simple,

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however—but they have evolved new ones as well. And so, here and there in a very large collection an exhibitor may be found who has freed himself from the Morris tradition, though the show as a whole seems a tribute to his memory.

That the British Board of Trade has arranged this Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Paris the same year that it is taking an important part in the Exhibition of the Book Industry at Leipzig, is a fact that might give a suggestive hint to Washington. If some board or bureau there had been charged with the same duties, American art might fare as well at Leipzig and Paris now, and might be better known in Europe. N. N.

To John Van Dyke's "New Guides to Old Masters" (Scribner) is added "Vienna-Budapest" ($1) and "Madrid" (75 cents). One finds the familiar combination of stimulating æsthetic comment with capricious attributions and habitual neglect of the relevant literature. Mr. Van Dyke finds it necessary to invent a new Bruegel, whom he dubs "Seasons Bruegel," to account for the fine landscapes at Vienna. A little study of the drawings would, we feel, convince him of the unity of the truly various work of Old Bruegel. It would do the reader no harm to learn that the Titian bacchanals at Madrid were painted for Alfonso d'Este, nor that Mantegna's lovely Entombment has a companion piece at Fenway Court. To compensate, perhaps, for his usual skepticism anent Rembrandt, our author is inclined to see no less than three Giorgiones at Vienna. In general, the complete casualness of these little manuals is at once their charm and their weakness.

A treatise written with rather more than German thoroughness in the French language by an American scholar is at least a novelty. We regret that we have neither competence nor space adequately to review Frederick Mortimer Clapp's "Les Dessins de Pontormo, Catalogue Raisonné" (Paris: Edouard Champion). Pontormo—he was the only really genial imitator of Michelangelo—as draughtsman was first rehabilitated by Berenson. Dr. Clapp has gone over the ground still more minutely, and his work may be regarded as definitive. Going out from the 165 drawings, which bear the master's handwriting, are clearly studies for paintings, or have other objective marks of authenticity, the author builds up a critical list of about 420 numbers; but all attributed drawings, whether regarded as veritable or not, are elaborately described and discussed. More than 300 of the genuine drawings are in the Uffizi. The Louvre and the National Gallery at Rome have considerable groups. We have noticed no omission except the entirely venial oversight of a study by "Andrea del Sarto" at Bowdoin College, which may fall in Pontormo's *milieu*. Dr. Clapp has prefaced his minute catalogue, which naturally takes account of dimensions, watermarks, and the like, with a chronology of Pontormo and a register of drawings which are studies for paintings. His criticism, which always evinces a sensitive taste, is given *passim*, but in a subsequent work on the art of Pontormo all such matters will be duly considered. The present catalogue should arouse lively anticipations for its sequel. The book is beautifully printed in large octavo and contains eight plates representing Pontormo's development as a daughtsman.

Finance

THE "WAR PANIC" IN EUROPE.

Monday, when the European stock exchanges, after an anxious and excited Sunday, were confronted with the news that Austria had rejected Servia's partial submission to last Thursday's ultimatum, was a day which financial Europe will long remember. In the preceding week, not only had there been a violent break in public securities of the two states immediately concerned (Servian 4 per cents in particular having fallen 5½ points), but British consols had gone down 2¼ and French 3 per cents 4⅛; German and Russian securities falling with them. These foreign markets had moved with great apprehension after the issue of Austria's ultimatum, at 6 P. M. on Thursday, giving Servia forty-eight hours in which to accept its terms; and before they opened again for business, at the beginning of this present week, the morning papers had the news that Austria had refused the Servian offer.

Monday's European markets opened in a condition bordering on panic; their movement naturally being governed, not alone by their view of conditions likely to be caused by an Austro-Servian war, but by apprehension as to whether the other larger Powers could be kept out of the conflict. The assertion of that day's London cables, that Monday's demoralization on the Stock Exchanges was the worst since the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870, may have been exaggerated. But on the present occasion the London market, which usually would have been the mainstay for the rest of Europe, was hit between wind and water by the bloodshed at Dublin on Sunday. Consols fell 2⅝ points; yet the unsettlement in London was surpassed on the Continent, where not only did open market money rates in general advance 1 per cent., following the 1 per cent. advance in the Austrian bank rate, but all Government bonds fell heavily: Servians 4 full points. In the resulting panicky condition, the closing of the Vienna, Budapest, and Brussels Stock Exchanges was inevitable.

Nowhere did this commotion in the markets produce so extraordinary results as in foreign exchange. When any nation is apprehensive of being engaged in war, its bankers will instinctively call home a great part of their credit balances from foreign markets. If it is possible to insure the return of such balances in the form of gold, the inducement to bid for instant transfer is all the greater. The peculiar fact about this week's similar recall of funds from this market by Europe was the violence and impatience which the foreign houses, under the panicky influence of the day, and with a view to getting the gold delivered before anything further happened, put in their bids for sterling drafts.

The result was a rise in foreign exchange rates here to higher figures than have been witnessed in this generation. For sterling drafts on sight, the "par of exchange" is 4.86⅝, and the usual point at which gold can be profitably shipped from New York is around 4.88. On Monday, however, sight drafts were bought at 4.91½, and probably at an even higher price. Obtained on such unusual terms, some $10,000,000 gold went out on Tuesday's European steamer, and more has followed.

A striking incident was the blocking of further shipments by that vessel, through the refusal of the underwriters, Monday afternoon, to insure any more gold on that consignment. This attitude was naturally caused in large degree by unwillingness to accept any larger risk in a single vessel. It may be wondered, however, whether another motive did not play some part.

Considering that this gold is being drawn in by the European markets, with a view to conceivable breaking of relations among the larger Powers, it excites peculiar interest to observe that the ten millions cleared that day for Europe, of which half was consigned to London and half to Paris, were carried by a German steamer. An imaginative mind might picture the situation, supposing Germany and France or Germany and England to have gone to war while the Kronprinzessin Cecilie was still upon the ocean, and while wireless orders from Berlin to her commander were a simple recourse.

On October 8, 1912, when the Montenegrin troops crossed the Turkish border, the Imperial Bank of Germany's gold reserve was $208,000,000; a prolonged process of strengthening its reserve, since that war was ended, brought its gold holdings to $336,000,000 last week. The Bank of France, which held $647,000,000 gold in October, 1912, holds $820,000,000 now. During the same interval, the Imperial Bank of Russia has added $146,000,000 to its home reserve of gold. These bank holdings are not Government property, but they are traditionally regarded as indicating the scope of the home financial resources on which a Government might rely in an emergency.

This comparison, in the case of Germany, France, and Russia, might be taken as meaning that one powerful restraint against belligerent action is removed. But when one examines the status of the two immediate parties to the Austro-Servian dispute, the case is altogether different. The Bank of Austria-Hungary reported $259,700,000 gold in its reserve when war broke out in 1912—much less than in the two preceding years; it now holds $259,800,000, or almost exactly the same. The public and private finances of the Dual Monarchy have long been in a highly precarious state; its industries have been prostrated; money is dear; bankruptcies and unemployment have reached a formidable total; and on top of this, the Hungarian harvest is in large degree a failure.

That the Austrian and Hungarian stock exchanges should on Monday have closed their doors, under the circumstances, is merely one more indication of the position in those countries.

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There are no doubt conceivable instances in which a desperate situation of the sort may help to drive a government to war. But in this case, Austria will have to rely on Berlin to help her out; it is fair to presume that the French and English markets will be shut to her. Of Servia's financial and physical position, it is hardly necessary to speak. Bankrupt even before the Balkan War, her public credit and resources are naturally now at a minimum. Very possibly, this well-known fact was one reason for Austria's selection of this moment for her ultimatum. But Austria's own situation ought also to have been a reason for hesitation by her Government in taking the final step.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Blackwood, A. The Lost Valley and Other Stories. Vaughan & Gomme. $1.35 net.
Hewlett, William. Telling the Truth. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Hornung, E. W. The Crime Doctor. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.
Rose, L. G. The Rousing of Parkside. Duffield. 50 cents net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Meynell, Alice. Essays. Scribner.
Wicks, J. B. Bird Paradise. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hartland, E. S. Ritual and Belief. Scribner.
Shaw, J. M. Christianity as Religion and Life. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Williams, T. R. The Working Faith of a Liberal Theologian. Scribner.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Nearing, Scott. Reducing the Cost of Living. Phila.: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, June 30, 1913. Vol. XI. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Turner, Prof. G. L. Original Records of Early Nonconformity under Persecution and Indulgence. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Vol. III. £1 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Douglas, Lord Alfred. Oscar Wilde and Myself. Duffield. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Willard, M. F. Along Mediterranean Shores. Silver, Burdett & Co.

POETRY.

Clarke, G. H. At the Shrine and Other Poems. *Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.* $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Benedict, F. G., and Talbot, F. B. The Gaseous Metabolism of Infants. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Crile, G., and Lower, W. E. Anoci-Association. Phila.: W. B. Saunders Co. $3 net.
MacDougal, D. T., and Collaborators. The Salton Sea. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Mellin Institute of Industrial Research. Smoke Investigation. Bulletin VIII. *University of Pittsburgh.*
Morse, H. N. The Osmotic Pressure of Aqueous Solutions. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Papers from the Torugas Laboratory. Vol. VI. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Webster, J. J., and H. Llewelyn. The Apsley Cookery Book. Phila.: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $1.40 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Broadhouse, J. The Organ Viewed from Within. Scribner.
Williams, L. H. A Scheme of Study for Country Violin Students. Scribner.

ART.

Chaffers, William. The New Handbook of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain. Scribner.
Crowe, J. A., and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A History of Painting in Italy. Volumes V and VI. Scribner. $6 each.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ward, C. C. Oral Composition. Macmillan. $1.

I. M. Rubinow's
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